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THE DUBLIN MAGAZINE

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Two Poems by Donagh MacDonagh

ONLY SIXTY MILES AWAY

ONLY sixty miles away light is a crime
And evening skies, to us a prophecy
Of rain or shine, herald the bombing weather ;
High in our tower we stare with wondering eye
At furnaces that glitter all night long,
Astonished at the hands that can unlearn
The craft of home to pack destruction firmly
Into the compact urn.

But in the Autumn as we plan our Spring
The raw earth suddenly is menacing,
The stuff of graves ; the hawk in the empty sky
Is fear upon the wing.

PRISONERS

OUT of the stone bound cell what song can burst
Through frozen calm ? O prisoners
Bound in high buildings with small light
You are not the only silent ones ;
In every home a stubborn heart rejects
The throat of bird and puts away the wings.

The golden eagle still in loneliness
Keeps his far eyrie ; his sun defying eyes
Pierce to the shade where timorous small creatures,
Prey of his shining beak, creep to the earth.
His not our image, prisoners, not ours
The free and earth disdaining wing.

Two Poems by Cecil Salkeld

POET GONE CUCKOO

WITLESS a wandering ghost
 Divides the airy balm
 About the earth,
 Hand in hand, or rather, wing with wing
 With you, grey mocker,
 Across the singing, seething, bitter waters,
 To where realities
 Shatter the pining ghost
 Leaving one speckled feather
 Explosion-tossed
 Into the burning weather
 That hedges round an Ethiopian king.

Will we then never
 Together revisit that hill
 When Seskin Wood is a green ghost of Spring,
 Hand in hand, or rather, wing with wing?
 Letting the bittern drink his fill
 His ways no longer ours . . .
 The wood-cock wetting his long bill
 Moon-gleaming, crazed with dancing
 In dark ditchy ways?
 And nobody there to care
 Where the unsociable snipe have picked on to trill.

My wits are indeed gone astray
 After you, grey mocker;
 What Will made your way
 Into such monstrous traffic?
 When steely birds make sky their warring zone
 Lie lone; take cover; think of your lover
 Eager to practise coquetry
 Of echoes when you come again in May.
 Till then, most punctual of all comrades, look you,
 My ghost is gone wool-gathering—
 Cloud-wool, or shell-burst, maybe,
 Hand in hand, or rather, wing with wing:
 Poet gone cuckoo.

NOTE.—Written during the invasion of Ethiopia. The cuckoo migrates in Winter to Ethiopia.

MIDSUMMER EVE

PRECIPITATED thus by two such powers,
 This crisis of the year
 Is doubly dear :
 Midsummer airs and hours
 Conspire with fresh-cut grasses
 And unseen flowers,
 To heal what cruel words
 What sullen loveliness, and raging stare
 Have ravaged in the bare
 Unfurnished flat that cages
 This tiger heart.
 Everything passes.
 On the long walk home
 Wounded, I pause,
 And listen with a start
 To a dark chestnut's soft green applause.
 The propaganda of those hands,
 The wireless touch,
 Proves this neutrality too much ;
 The holiday posters of those white citadels
 Corrupt the sentinels :
 Forbidden summer leaflets shower down ;
 The hidden cells
 Come out with waving flags and noisy bands
 And march about the town,
 While routed discipline and panicked brain
 Struggle for places on the outgoing train,
 And all the disappointed mob that is oneself,
 Flocks slowly back, demoralised again.

FANTASIA

By Winifred Letts

"I LOVE my love with an M," said I,
 He's merry, masterful, mad.
 He bade me dress and come out to dine
 On the last gold piece he had.

" We'll feast to-night at the Old Moor's Head,
The tavern with creaking sign, then tread
A Morris dance with a motley crew
Till hooves and slippers are wet with dew."

" What is your taste ? " quoth he to me,
" A golden beaker of Malvoisie ?
Mushrooms picked by a Harvest moon,
Served with a silver platter and spoon ?
Ice-cold melon and marzipan ? "

Monkeys, solemn in livery,
Served at the table, one, two, three.
" Monkeys ! Flunkeys ! quick as you can
Fetch me mead in a pewter jug,
Pretty-one here shall kiss the mug,
Mince-pies served on a copper pan,
And bring the score for the night is late."
A gold moidore he threw on the plate.

Danced we up and danced we down
Till the moon turned pale with a peevish frown,
And someone was knocking with knock-tock-tock,
And six chimes rang on the kitchen clock.
" Daughter ! daughter ! why do you drowse ?
Over the barn I see the sun,
The wren is singing, the day begun.
Get up you slut and go milk the cows."

Two Poems by Rhoda Coghill.

RUNAWAY

SOMEBODY has got to tell me something real
and that very quickly.
Someone must show me a thing
that will not disappear when I touch it,
or fade into a cloud to walk through
when I have looked at it and
thought about it long enough.

You are not final—
 you will be bones.
 The feet I see marking the pavements
 will walk too long
 and not long enough,
 and I will see the streets
 clean in the morning, (to-morrow morning) after rain,
 but the feet that marked the footpaths
 will have stepped into the grave,
 stepped into the grave
 before I have done with them.

Who is going to tell me where the dark horses of the
 spirit go?
 Have I come into this room now?
 or was I always in this place?
 And could you in your speech
 have an inference different from mine?
 Do you signify, proud other people,
 what you appear to be,
 or imply quite another meaning in your existence?

Place me on the edge of a cliff
 and tell me now where to leap,
 for the horses are pulling on the reins—
 I have no wish to hold them.

IN WICKLOW

THE high trees grieve, like the sea's water.
 The sad sky crouches on Carraig and Slaughter;
 And a crude donkey, in the windy quarter,
 Calls up the rain.
 Sunlight sleeps in the tinker's kettle,
 Where twilight-bannered, elfin nettle
 And the fool's-parsley's starry clusters battle
 For kingship of the lane,

Clouded waves comb the shadowed shore,
 Sifting the sliding shingle for
 What, in past time, furnished the sea's floor,
 Seaweed or stone ;
 And the old gypsy gropes, to find,
 Thrown on the foreshore of her mind,
 Forgotten things, washed up, and left behind,—
 Thoughts that were once her own.

O STRIKE FOR ME THE WOODS

By Temple Lane

O STRIKE for me the woods with silver tuning fork, you dawn
 sunshine !

In a scent-sweet world with a heron in the small oak—

He has flown, when massed branches spoke !

Sun, Sun, at morning I have almost Fear

For comrade here,

After my slave-captivity to laws tabulated

And column-stated.

The concern of this live silence is too urgent

For me, resurgent.

But, Sun, I saw you rest, last night, one elbow on a hill !

Round you come, here still !

Sun, I am unhinged at morning : a convict given

A golden key-bunch with one label " Heaven,"

And my co-creatures, moths, birds, herons, grasses, flowers are
 all so busy

That I am dizzy.

O light for me my way into the woods, you noon sunshine !

The sky is spent with heat, a woman after love too fierce.

The dim green is mine to pierce :

The life I need shakes in the wood and I am part :

I can touch a tree's trunk and feel its heart.

I can listen, remembering the spring quiet,

To summer's riot ;

Hear the drone of astronomical flies and the ferns breathing,
 And the moss wreathing,
 Till a small path opens for me like a hare's at dawn
 Where I creep with the gait and eyes of a faun.

O blaze for me a ride into the woods, you evening sunshine !
 Now my path can widen—I choose the place where larch needles
 Make a still carpet : a blaze kindles
 Self-ignited on the fir-boles : I am whole and part,
 I am both heart-beat and heart.
 The penal servitude of no town can contain me,
 The white-hot hell of no built area restrain me.
 But, lest I be caught, felled, maimed again, made a joist,
 Clamped, captive, unvoiced,
 God !—let me flare myself out greenly here and twine
 In a woodbine !

O light for me my way into the woods, sunshine !
 Never return me !
 Burn me !

BRIGID

By Mary Lavin

THE rain came sifting silently through the air, and settled silently on the fields giving them a downy look like the cheek of a lovely woman. But under the trees the rain fell between the leaves in single, heavy drops ; noisily, like cabbage-water running through the large holes of a colander.

The house was in the middle of the trees.

"Listen to that rain!" said the woman to her husband, "will it never stop?"

"What harm is a sup of rain?" said the man.

"That's you all over again," she said. "What harm is anything, as long as it doesn't affect yourself?"

"How do you mean, when it doesn't affect me? Look at my feet, they're sopping. Look at my hat, it's soused." He took it off and shook the rain off it on to the spitting bars of the fire grate.

"Quit that," said the woman. "Can't you see you're raising ashes?"

"What harm are the ashes doing?"

"I'll show you what harm," she said, taking down a dish of cabbage and potato from the shelf over the fire, "there's your dinner destroyed with them." The yellow cabbage was slightly sprayed with ash.

"Ashes are healthy, I often heard it said. Put it here!" and he sat down at the table, taking up his knife and fork and indicating where the plate was to be put by hitting the table with the handles of the cutlery. "Is there no bit of meat?" he asked, prodding the potato critically.

"There's plenty in the town, I suppose."

"In the town! And why didn't somebody go to the town, might I ask?"

"Who was there to go? You know as well as I do there's no one here to be traipsing in and out every time there's something wanted from the town."

"I suppose one of our fine daughters would think it the end of the world if she was asked to go for a bit of a message? Let

me tell you they'd get men for themselves quicker if they were seen doing a bit of work once in a while."

"Who said anything about getting men for them?" said their mother. "They're time enough getting married."

"Is that the way?" said Owen. "Mind you now, any one would think that you were anxious to get them off your hands, with the way every penny that comes into the house goes on bits of silks and ribbons for them."

"I'm not going to let them be without their bit of fun just because you have other uses for your money than spending it on your own children!"

"What other uses have I? Do I smoke? Do I drink? Do I play cards?"

"You know what I mean."

"I suppose I do." The man was silent. He left down his fork. "I suppose you're hinting at poor Brigid again?" he said. "But I told you forty times, if she was put into a home she'd be just as much of an expense on us as she is above in the little house there." He pointed out of the window with his fork.

"I see there's no use in talking about it," said the woman, "but all I can say is God help the girls, with their dreams of this and that, like all girls, and you, their own father, putting a drag on them so that no man will have anything to do with them after hearing about Brigid."

"What do you mean by that? This is something new. I thought it was only the bit of bread and tea she got that you grudged the poor thing. This is something new. What is this?"

"You oughtn't to need to be told, a man like you that saw the world, a man that was in England and London, a man that travelled like you did."

"I don't know what you're talking about." He took up his hat and felt it to see if the side he had placed near the fire was dry. He turned the other side towards the fire. "What are you trying to say?" he said, "speak plain!"

"Is any man going to marry a girl when he hears her own aunt is a poor half-witted creature, soft in the head, and living in a poke of a hut, doing nothing all day but sitting looking into the fire?"

"What has that got to do with anybody but the poor creature herself? Isn't it her own trouble?"

"Men don't like marrying into a family that has the like of her in it."

"Is that so? I didn't notice that you were put out much by marrying me, and you knew all about poor Brigid. You used to bring her bunches of primroses and I remember you pulling the flowers off your hat one day and giving them to her when she started crying over nothing. You used to say she was a harmless poor thing. You used to say you'd look after her."

"And didn't I? Nobody can say I didn't look after her. Didn't I do my best to have her taken into a home where she'd get proper care? You can't deny that."

"I'm not denying anything. You never gave me peace or ease since the day we were married. But I wouldn't give in. I wouldn't give in, and what is more I won't give in now, either. I won't let it be said that I had hand or part in letting my own sister be put away."

"But it's for her own good" said the woman, and this time her voice was softer and she went over and turned the wet hat again on the fender. "It's nearly dry," she said, and then she went back to the table and took up the plate from which he had eaten and began to wash it in a basin of water that was at the other end of the table. "It's for her own good. I'm surprised you can't see that; you, a sensible man, with two grown-up daughters. You'll be sorry one of these days when she's found dead in the chair—the Lord between us and all harm—or when she falls in the fire and gets scorched to death—God preserve us from the like! I was reading, only the other day, in a paper that came around something from the shop, that there was a case like that up in the midlands."

"I don't want to hear about it," said the man, shuffling his feet. "This hat is dry, I think," he said, and he put it on his head and stood up.

"That's the way you always go on," said the woman. "You don't want to listen to anything unpleasant. You don't want to listen to anything that's right. You don't want to listen because you know what I'm saying is true and you know you'd have no answer to put against what I'd say!"

"You make me tired," said the man, "it's always the one story in this house. Why don't you get something else to talk about for a change?"

The woman ran to the door and blocked his way out. "Is that the last you have to say?" she said, "you won't give in?"

"I won't give in. Poor Brigid. Didn't my mother make me promise her that I'd never have hand or part in putting the poor creature away? 'Let her alone,' my mother used to say, 'she's doing no harm to anyone'."

"She's doing harm to our daughters," said the woman, "and you know that. Don't you?" She caught his coat and stared at him. "You know the way Matty Monaghan gave up Rosie after dancing with her all night at the dance in the Town Hall last year. Why did he do that, do you suppose? It's little you know about it at all! You don't see Mamie crying her eyes out some nights after coming in from a walk with the girls and hearing little bits of talk from this one and that one, and putting two and two together, and finding out for herself the talk that goes on among the young men about girls and the kind of homes they come from!"

"There'd be a lot more talk if the poor creature was put away. Let me tell you that, if you don't know it for yourself! It's one thing to have a poor creature, doing no one any harm, living quiet, all by herself, up at the end of a boreen where seldom or never anyone gets a chance of seeing her, and it's another thing altogether to have her taken away in a car and everyone running to the window to see the car pass and talking about her and telling stories from one to another till it would be no time at all they'd be letting on she was twice as bad as she is, and the stories about her would be getting so swollen that none of us could go down the streets without being stared at as if we were all queer!"

"You won't give in?" said his wife once more.

"I won't give in."

"Poor Mamie. Poor Rosie," said their mother, and she put the plates up on the dresser.

Owen shuffled his feet. "If you didn't let it be seen so plain that you wanted to get them off, they might have a better chance. I don't know what they want getting married for in any case. They'd be better off to be interested in the place, and raise a few hens, and make a bit of money for themselves, so they could be independent and look people up and down and out-stare the boldest!"

"It's little you know about anything, that's all I have to say," said the woman.

Owen moved to the door.

"Where are you going now?" said the woman.

"There's no use in my telling you and drawing down another stream of abuse on myself, when I mention the poor creature's name."

The woman sighed and then stood up and walked over to a press in the corner. "If that's where you're going, you might as well take over these clean sheets." She took down a pair of sheets from where they were airing on the shelf over the fire. "You can't say but that I look after her, no matter what," she said.

"If you remembered her the way I do," said the man, "when she was only a little bit of a child, and I was growing up and going to school, you'd know what it feels like to hear talk about putting her in a home. She used to have lovely hair. It was like the flossy heads of the dandelions when they are gone past their best. No one knew she was going to be a bit soft until she was toddling around and beginning to talk, and even then they thought she was only slow; that she'd grow out of it."

"I know how you feel," said the woman. "I could cry sometimes myself when I think of her. But she'd be so happy in a home! We could visit her any time we wanted. We could hire a car and drive over there, all of us, on a fine Sunday now and again. It would be some place to go. And it wouldn't cost no more than it costs to keep her as it is."

She didn't know whether he heard the end of the sentence or not, because he was gone down the path, and was cutting across through the field, with his ash plant in his hand.

.

"He was cutting across the field with the ash plant in his hand, when I was coming up the road," said Rosie, when she came in to her supper and her mother asked if she had seen her father out in the yard.

"He was going to your Aunt Brigid then," said her mother. "Did you not see him after that?"

"That was three hours ago," said Mamie. "He wouldn't be over there all this time." Mamie was sitting down taking her supper.

"The tea is spoiled," said their mother. "I may spill it out. There'll have to be a fresh pot of tea made when he comes in."

"I suppose he's mending a chair or a table for Aunt Brigid," said Rosie. "He wouldn't be just sitting over there all this time."

"You wouldn't know what he'd be doing," said the mother, and the girls looked at each other. They knew then that there had been words between their father and mother while they were out.

"Maybe one of you ought to run over and see what's keeping him?" said their mother.

"Oh, let him alone. If he wants to stay over there, let him stay. He'll have to be home soon to put in the calves anyway. It's nearly dark."

It was quite dark, and the calves were still out. It was beginning to rain, and the girls had gone out again to a dance, when Owen's wife went across the field herself and up the breen to the hut where the poor soft creature lived all alone.

"How can she sit there in the dark," thought Owen's wife, when she didn't see a light in the window, but as she got nearer she saw there was a faint light from the flames of the fire on the hearth. She felt sure that Owen wasn't there. He wouldn't be there without lighting a lamp; or a bit of a candle! There was no need to go in. She was going to turn back from the middle of the yard, but it seemed an unnatural thing not to call to the door and see if the poor creature was all right.

She was the same as ever, sitting by the fire with a silly smile, and not looking up till she was called three or four times.

"Brigid, did you see Owen?"

Brigid looked up. "Owen is a queer man," she said, and that was all the answer she gave.

"So he was here! What time did he leave?"

Brigid grumbled something.

"What are you saying?" said Owen's wife.

"He wouldn't go home," said Brigid. "I told him it was time to go home for his tea, but he wouldn't answer me. 'Go home,' I said, but he wouldn't say anything."

"When he did go, at last, what time was it? Did you notice?"

Brigid was difficult sometimes. Was she going to be difficult now?

"He wouldn't speak to me," said Brigid, sullenly.

Suddenly Owen's wife saw his ash plant lying on the table,

"Is he still here?" she said sharply, and she glanced back at the door. "Is he out in the yard? I didn't see him! I didn't hear him!"

"He wouldn't speak to me," said Brigid again.

The other woman couldn't see her in the dark. The fire was flickering too irregularly to see by its light.

"But where is he? Is he in the yard? Is there anything the matter with him?" She ran to the door and she called out into the dark but there was no answer. She stood there trying to think and then she heard Brigid talking to herself again, and she didn't trouble to listen. She might as well go home. Wherever he was, he wasn't here. "If he comes back, tell him I was here looking for him," she said, "I'll go home through the other field."

Brigid said something then, that made her turn sharply and look at her.

"What did you say?" she said.

"Tell him yourself," said Brigid, and then she seemed to be talking to herself again.

Owen's wife looked at her. She was worse than she ever was before.

Brigid was leaning down in the dark before the fire. "Why don't you talk?" she was saying. "Why don't you talk?"

Urgently, Owen's wife began to pull out the old settle bed that was in front of the fire without knowing why she did it, but she could feel the blood beating in her ears and behind her eyes.

"He fell down there and he wouldn't get up!" said Brigid. "I told him to get up. I told him his head was getting scorched. But he wouldn't listen to me. He wouldn't get up. He wouldn't do anything."

Owen's wife closed her eyes. She was all of a sudden afraid to look. But when she opened her eyes and looked down, Owen's eyes stared up at her, wide open, from where he lay on his back on the floor. "Owen!" she screamed . . . and she tried to pull him up. His shoulders were stiff and heavy. She caught his hands. They were stiff and cold. Was he dead? She felt his face. But his face was so hot, she couldn't put her hand on it. If he was dead he'd be cold. She wanted to scream and scream and to run out of the house, but first she tried to drag him out as far as she could from the ashy hearth, then, suddenly feeling the living eyes watching her from behind, and seeing the dead

eyes staring up at her from the blistered red face, she sprang upright, knocking over a chair, and ran out of the house and ran down the boreen. Her screams brought people running out from their doors, the light streaming out each side of them. She couldn't speak, but she pointed up the hill. And then she heard the sound of their feet running as they went in the way she had pointed. She sat down on the curbstone of the pump, and after sitting there a long time she put up her hands to her face, but they smelled of burned hair. She looked at the pump as if she would wash them, but she didn't stand up, and then in the darkness the pale rain fell around her. She sat where she was.

THE HIDDEN LANGUAGE IN OLD IRISH ART

(By Charles Godfrey Leland)

FOREWORD BY ART Ó MURNAGHAN

An important manuscript, unsigned, and inscribed at the top of its front page—*This at the end of the book*—has been whirled out of an obscure corner by some eddy of circumstance, and finds a congenial haven in THE DUBLIN MAGAZINE: the title it bears is *The Hidden Language in Old Irish Art*.

At the end of what book? Who wrote it?

It was Mr. A. G. B. Russell, M.V.O., *Lancaster Herald*, who wrote from Scotland to his friend, Mr. Monk Gibbon, of Bray, Co. Wicklow, that in clearing up some old papers, he came upon this manuscript, which he enclosed with his letter, remarking—

“You may know the identity of the writer, either through the writing or otherwise, which might give it an interest. . . . Of its archaeological value, I am unable to speak, but it seems to be a bit on the fanciful side.”

Mr. Monk Gibbon duly examined the manuscript—thought that his friend Mr. Harry Norman might be interested, and he sent it on to him. Coincidence came forward to *underline* the occasion. At this moment in the manuscripts' progress towards its objective, the latter gentleman had invited a number of persons, interested in archaeology and allied subjects, to hear a talk on *the hidden language* of several Irish inscribed stones, of the Bronze Age, by myself. At the end of the talk, knowing my interest in Irish ornamental and symbolic art, he handed me the MS., saying—“Is this handwriting known to you?”—and while I was examining it, he added, “Take it away with you, and see if you can find

someone who can solve the problem." I read the MS. twice, and surmised that it contained factors essential to the study of Irish folk-lore and traditions. For instance, the writer states—

" . . . it seems to have escaped the observation of the archaeologist or critic that the very elaborate occultism or magic which played such a prominent part in Welsh or Irish tradition also prevailed in their ornaments."

That it has archaeological value I am convinced, because of this relation to an obscure and neglected phase of Irish archaeology—witchcraft and magic, both vital ingredients of our past.

I took the paper to the National Library, where my old friend, Mr. F. W. Poulter, one of the Assistant Librarians, who has helped me several times in my researches, happened to be at the counter. I handed it to him, and said I was looking for the author, and asked him did he know the writing? He read the title: "Hidden language?" said he. "*Secret Languages of Ireland*, by MacAlister—I wonder? Leave it with me, and I'll let you know later." Here is his report:—

"Manuscript left in the Library by Mr. Art ó Murnaghan, on March 8th, 1943, to discover the writer of the MS. and (unknown) book. According to the introduction in the volume by Prof. MacAlister—*The Secret Languages of Ireland* this manuscript is the long-lost chapter of a book which was to be published by Charles G. Leland, Dr. Sampson, and Kuno Meyer. The Library possesses the *Life of Leland* by Pennell, and according to the facsimiles in the book, the handwriting is exactly the same. Prof. MacAlister's reference to the loss of this manuscript leaves no doubt as to its writer and book. Apparently the book was never published."

In the introduction to Prof. MacAlister's book we find that, in the main, it is based on a random collection of loose sheets, letters, note books . . . (etc.), along with a box of dictionary slips into which their contents had been systematically but incompletely distributed—relics of the industry of the lamented John Sampson, one of the greatest authorities on the gypsies.

This material had been in the care of Miss Dora Yates, secretary of the Gypsy Lore Society, and Dr. Sampson's colleague at Liverpool and literary executor.

About 100 pages of Macalister's book consist of a special reference to the Shelta language, partly based upon the collections and manuscripts of Dr. Sampson and notes by Charles G. Leland and Kuno Meyer—the Professor continues:—

"From the MSS. put at my disposal, it appeared that the preparation and publication of a book—the joint work of those three scholars, had been projected. Little progress had been made with it, but its intended scope was indicated by a number of notes and 'schemes'. . . . Most of the chapters are vaguely adumbrated in the notes of Sampson and his colleagues, though next to nothing had actually been written of them."

In her *Life of Leland*, Mrs. Pennell records (vol. ii, p. 227) that Leland said, "I hope that when the book appears it will contain all of Mr. Sampson's collection." She says there was talk later on of his writing this book in collaboration with Mr. Sampson and Dr. Meyer. A 'scheme' for it, and even a title-page was drawn up. But it fell through.

Prof. Macalister tells us that a chapter on *The Secret Language in Ancient Irish Art*, which Leland appears to have written, and to have valued highly, is not forthcoming. It has a special mention in every 'scheme', but the manuscript is missing. Among the collection of fragments, however, (he says) there was found a sheet written by the late Margaret Stokes, to whom it had evidently been submitted, and who criticised it very severely. On the whole, says the Professor, the disappearance of this manuscript is probably no very serious loss.

I must make a friendly protest that this last sentence cannot be taken as considered judgment. It is a casual opinion, based on another's criticism of a certain article, by one who had never seen the original matter, the subject of criticism. Miss Stokes has done great work in relation to Early Christian Art in Ireland, but has not contributed towards the subjects of occultism and magic: without some knowledge of these aspects of our folk-lore, one would not be qualified to deal effectively with this MS.

Archæology accepts the existence of magical practices, from the earliest records of Man, and that this same magic persists to-day in many parts of the earth is accepted by Science, while from the mythological period of Balor of the Evil Eye, in Irish legend, down to the daily use of "God bless it," against the same malefic influence—such influence is tacitly accepted as still feared. The occult love which permeates the Leland MS. makes it necessary to protest against this irresponsible statement coming from our leading authority in Archæology and Secret Languages. Students might be influenced by it to believe that nothing of value to their studies need be expected from this paper by a recognised authority on Gypsy lore and customs. The Gypsies are known to the world to-day as professors of magical divination—they 'tell fortunes', they number among them witches—Ireland had witches, and there are some remarkable references to modern bearers of the name in this MS.¹

It is satisfactory to realise that the intention of those three great scholars was brought as far as possible into effect by Prof. Macalister in his above-mentioned work, and doubly interesting that the chapter he mentions as missing, but definitely intended for inclusion in the projected book, has at last turned up, and been placed in the compositor's hands for publication—a belated but noteworthy posthumous production—*This at the end of the book.*

OLD Irish Art is almost entirely decorative, and consists of interlacing or net-like designs, of cords at the end of which are lacertine or snake heads.

The interlacing or twining of these lines, bands or cords in ornamental patterns may be found more or less in the decorative art of almost all races. Nature indeed often suggests it, as in the tendrils of a convolvulus, from any specimen of which vine any practised artist can always make beautiful designs. As in folklore, there are the spontaneous and "borrowed" motives or myths, so, in ornament, certain ideas are either taken at once from plants or crystals, &c., or adapted from the hints given by the beginners. And it is a curious truth that as the straight line

is the easiest to draw, so Nature begins inorganically with crystals, and savage man with angles. In due time as Nature becomes so to speak living, the angles are turned into curves, and the *chevrons* or sharp teeth borders are found rounded into vines.

There is in Celtic art an extraordinary puzzle or paradox as yet far from being solved. It is certain that in the East, on the borders of Birma, there is a little-known race which produces patterns which are not merely Celtic, but purely Old Irish in every detail,¹ and there are other indications, that, as for example in Hungary, the early Celts had their very characteristic art in a developed state. But in Ireland and Scotland, we can trace, beginning with the cup holes bored in rocks with stones and then connected with lines, as in the "spectacle" pattern, and then advanced in involutions or lines returning around a primitive pattern, every step of what subsequently became very elaborate Irish designs. It would seem as if these had been two separate sources quite disconnected. As yet it is all obscure.

The *bascaudæ*, or ornamented baskets of the Britons, were admired even in Rome. These were of course made with interlaced designs. Both basket-work and interlaced cords or ropes seem to have been used to suggest designs to the monks in their illuminations. According to Westwood, in his *Palæographia Picta*, the Interlace originated with the Irish, was communicated by them to the other Northern races, and having been carried by the Irish scholars who were illuminators to the court of Charlemagne these combined with the last remains of Roman art, and thus formed the Romanesque or Transition style of ornament. This is very plausible or probable, but it has been denied—*non nobis componere lites*. One thing is certain that as Ireland in the sixth century was really pre-eminent in learning, so it appears to have been original in art. In this latter respect the Book of Kells was the most remarkable production of its time in the world.

As regarded the human form and animals, Celtic art was of the most childish rudeness, or very inferior to the well-known prehistoric etchings on bone. On the other hand it far surpassed, in the elaborate and minute finish which is the result of unwearied industry, anything Chinese. Westwood found in an Irish design one hundred and fifty interlacings within the

¹ If this be simply an accidental coincidence or resemblance it is one without parallel in the whole history of art. I regret that I can not recall the book of travels by an officer in which it was recorded, with illustrations.

space of a square inch, and what is very strange indeed there is not in existence, that I know of, a single bungling or *manqué* design. All came up quite perfectly to the style. This combination of barbaric ignorance with elaborate technique, indicates that Irish art was developed somewhat rapidly in the West. It belongs to the same class as all old Scandinavian art, but has such a marked, distinctive and superior character as to indicate that it led and did not follow the same inspiration.

The Celts were pre-eminently passionate, imaginative and superstitious. They may justly claim that in the tales which came from Armorica or Brittany they founded the romances and poetry of the Middle Age, quite as much as they had influenced its art. But it seems to have escaped the observation of the archæologist or critic, that the very elaborate occultism or magic which played such a prominent part in Welsh or Irish tradition also prevailed in all their ornament to such a degree that every initial or border, with its elaborate intertwinings and wild grotesques, suggested to all who beheld it strange and terrible or deeply humorous conceptions. The Irish "Arabesque," or decorative picture, was in literal truth a written language, as much as the Ogham or Gothic script, the difference being that while the latter expressed language literally and phonetically, the former set forth sentiments or general ideas, as music may do, or even perfumes or colours when it is first covenanted what general ideas they are to express. The same is true as regards the language of flowers, and in the East to this day it is extended to hundreds of ordinary objects.

It will be found on reflection incredible that a race which carried the very intensity of belief into magic and supernaturalism so that good and evil spirits and a thousand marvellous ideas were ever with them, entering into every occurrence of life and every act, should have had no such ideas in their art—that art which they expended so freely unto extravagance on all objects. But in truth there was a deep meaning in it, the leading motive being unquestionably the defeat of the Evil Eye.

All the superstition of ancient days in all countries is based on fear of evil influence. When civilization rises to Theism this is supposed to come from Satan or Ahriman, but in the earliest form it is fear of an enemy, be it a witch, the witch's ghost or a devil. Hence the belief that all sickness is caused by malignant action or will, which still lingers in the Church and

is made the subject of prayers, ceremonies and amulets. In time all suffering came from the evil glance of the wizard or witch, and this feeling was on the mind of the man of ancient days from his uprising to his down lying, at night, and he was lucky if it did not pursue him in slumber and sink down "into his deepest dream," or as "a dream within a dream."²

The Evil Eye or influence it was believed could be absolutely averted or neutralized by placing in full view, certain objects which would attract the glance of the wizard or evil spirit. These were firstly, an aggregate of small objects, such as a handful of grain, seeds, or even bunches of grapes. When the wicked wisher saw these he or she was irresistibly impelled to count them, or regard them every one, *seriatim*, and could do no harm till the enumeration or examination was finished. This belief spread all over the East and Africa, and possibly thence to every corner of the known world. Thus in the "Arabian Nights Entertainment," Amina, the Ghou, must eat her rice grain by grain, which betrays the witch. In Africa, as among the negroes in the United States, witches are kept away from sleepers, or prevented from nightmaring them, by grains of rice or corn strewed about the bed. The sorceress cannot approach the victim till she has counted all the seeds.

A late traveller in Persia has mentioned that he was told in that country that the patterns of carpets were made intricate so as to neutralize the evil eye, or attract the glance of the wizard or witch and thereby deprive it of its power to harm. But the Evil Eye means more than the mere sight of a Sorcerer—it is all suffering from any source whatever, and this neutralized, the result is all manner of good fortune.

By natural analogy the idea is extended to the spaces in net-like patterns, to woven or twining lines, to labyrinths and meanders, or returning and separated patterns.³ In Italian witchcraft and folk-lore, the belief is extremely common involving much curious tradition. Thus pieces of *stalagmite* or drop-limestone, which abound in lines and cavities, are supposed to be infallible against the *malocchio*, that is to say as they avert evil they bring good luck. They are called *salagrana*, and are believed

² This expression which had been so much admired as original in Poe was by him borrowed from Shelley ("Endymion") who unquestionably took it from an old Italian poem entitled *Il Sogno in Sogno*. [For Shelley read Keats. A. 6 M.]

³ The *meander* was evidently regarded by the ancient Greeks among whom it was of general use, as an amulet. It was so called after the crooked river Meander, in Phrygia, in the course of which it is said all the letters of the Greek alphabet could be traced.

to consist of the faeces or hills of earthworms petrified. This suggests the *Salagrama* of India in which Vishnu exists in the form of a worm, *i.e.*, an *ammonite*.

A lemon stuck full of pins averts the Evil Eye, unless the pins are black. The latter would not attract the eye on a black surface, and the lemon is always jet black, only a certain kind being used which hardens and turns dark. The pins of course attract counting.

But most powerful of all are interlaced cords of different colours, and small braids of these are still sold in some shops as amulets. This was well known to the Romans, and it may recall Meg Merrilies spinning the cords of life:

“Twist ye, twine ye even so!

Mingle threads of joy and woe!”

To protect silk-worms from the Evil Eye, the boughs of the mulberry trees on which they feed must be interlaced. “Those who fear sorcery or would have good luck,” said a witch to me, “should have the convolvulus planted in their gardens, because it is of all others the flower which witches cannot endure.” Lenormant in his “Chaldæan Magic” describes the plaiting of hair with an incantation to cure a head-ache. All of which with much more tradition on the same subject may be found in a book by me, entitled “Etruscan Roman Remains,” London, T. Fisher Unwin, 1892.

But the old Irish designs specially represent intertwining serpents, and in this we have the belief in its most approved form. The convolvulus itself owes its presence to its resemblance to snakes. Thus the same witch wrote for me:

“Witches cannot enter a house where the convolvulus (morning glory) is kept, because it has tendrils (*nerbolini*) like a mass of little serpents intertwined (*come tanta piccole serpente rotolate*) and all entangled, for which reason it keeps them out. This plant flowers by night and its beautiful flowers in a bouquet and its tendrils bewilder the sight of sorceresses and keep them afar.”

To this day we may see here and there in Italy two serpents painted on walls to avert the Evil Eye. So in Persius (*Sat. i.*, 113) we read:—

“Pinge duos angues; pueri, sacer est locus.”

It is the same in the Irish interlaces, emerges here the serpents, all meant for protection against sorcery and all evil influences. On every sword handle and shield and from every initial or border

in a book, on the bosses of shields and the prows of vessels and round drinking cups and on harps there was one endless song of incantation, the magic lay of the serpents which banished all that was terrible or repulsive. To him who can feel and understand this, as it was felt of yore, every old Irish plait or web or mesh is like marvellous hieroglyphics or strange and secret words of enchantment. And there are many indications in old Celtic literature that writing was thus regarded with delight and with wondrous pleasure, because it conveyed to the very soul the deepest feeling of which it was capable—the charm of protecting magic. Many years ago in London when this strange secret of decorative art dawned on me, all at once, that on the lines of a pattern like a melody, in which the crossing cords were like discords which give a wild attraction to an air, there might be as real and deep a meaning as in anything that any poet ever wrote, I felt a thrill of awe which I shall never forget. It was like a revelation, and from that time forth Gothic and all Northern ornament appeared to me as if inspired by a soul.

It is very evident from the repetition of many details of Irish ornament, that there were special meanings (as in ordinary Gothic), attached to many things, which are for the present lost. Just as in Italy, the learned, by utterly neglecting the traditions of the people, and seeking all their learning in books, have lost the meaning of much ancient tradition, especially its deepest feeling as poetry. It is characteristic of modern Science that it is beginning to reveal that Mysticism and Imagination are not idle fancies but exquisitely beautiful realities. They were wanting in the Renaissance and have been drying up more and more ever since, but there are certain indications of late that they are to be revived in all their charm and glory. And to him who can understand all this, the barbarous and wild art of the old Irish smiths who spoke Shelta, has in one respect a fascination not to be found in all which the Renaissance produced.

Shelta was kept a secret, the meaning of many Irish legends and lyrics was a deep mystery, and in keeping with it all in this strange land of hidden marvels and charms was the inner life and significance of the decorative art of the learned. In these our times an *ornament* of any kind has no more meaning and conveys no more poetry to a professor than it does to the most illiterate person—because it has none. And this is the cause of “the decay of Art.”

FEAR, THE FOX

By Winifred Letts

THE drake stood up in the long grass, among timothy and foxtail, purpling in the pride-time of June. He took no heed, except to peer through the grass heads with his bright, button-like eyes. He seemed almost to stand on tip-toe. He was calling "Quack! Quack!" and again with a question "Quack?" and "Quack?" It meant: "Where are you, my lady wives? Why do you not hurry to me?" He listened acutely, every feather, down to the proud little drake's curl of Sultan authority, seemed tense. Above him was the vast indifference of the June sky, mackerel-clouded, with the sun slanting down to the west so that the great elms flung pools of shade far before them on the meadow and in the light each flower, buttercup, ox-eye and hawkweed had its aureole.

Beyond the busy call of a chiff-chaff, and the little dripping voice of the willow-warbler, there was no sound this Summer evening. No answering quack assured him of comfort. So he paddled his way past the pump to the lane in front of the thatched cottage. The gate was closed, there was no sign of life. He stood there, a little stupified. All looked as usual; there were white feathers still on the grass where the ducks had lain contentedly, sunning themselves at noon. Here they had preened and tidied, here he had felt the comfort of his white ladies, so warm, so soft, so united under his rule. Habit and family life—those stable assurances of safety, had made happiness—although there was no such reasoning in the shining blue-green drake head.

His unhappiness only showed as a definite uneasiness. His head turned, the beady eyes glanced at the closed half-door of the cottage, then peered over the clipped hedge where purple rocket and columbines grew among the old rose bushes, maiden's blush and apothecary and cabbage. He was looking for a figure in a print overall, he was listening for a voice calling "Dilly--Dilly," he was waiting for the chipped old bowl that held scraps, for the hand that threw them on the grass.

Although he had been witness of a scene four days before this time it had meant nothing to the assembled ducks and their leader. It had not been strange to him that the blue print overall

was now exchanged for a coat. Rose, his benefactress, appeared only as she did on Sunday when she was going off to Mass. He did not reckon, of course, that this was Tuesday. It was enough that she fed them this morning. As usual she spoke to the drake. "Now, Paddy-lad, see to yourself. Don't let them get it all, the greedy things. That's the good feller—isn't that a handsome lad?" this to the young man who stood watching them with his sombre eyes.

She turned away, her hand just inside the crook of the man's brown bare arm.

"I hope to God the fox won't get them," she warned, "be sure now you shut them up every night in good time. He's a terror that old fox. You'd never know when he'd come . . . he's so cute, creeping up when you'd think you were all safe."

Her husband made no answer and she went into the tidy little kitchen. A cheap suit-case corded and bulging lay on the table. She went to the dresser, gay with its various china.

"There's eggs for you, Christy, and I baked a big soda cake and the butter is under the bowl there. See you feed yourself properly. Don't live on tea and bread, you great gom!"

She laughed and turned her head rather quickly because tears came to her eyes.

The man's oafish face scarcely changed.

"You'll be back, Rose, by Saturday maybe. The doctor in Dublin will give you a good bottle. They don't know so much here as they do there."

"Of course he will. You do just have to wait in these big hospitals till they have time to look at you. I might be waiting a few days."

"They'll want the bed, they won't want you," the man protested almost angrily, "I think, meself, you've no right to go to Dublin at all. Arn't you well enough? You're not layin' sick, like some, an' you can get about, an' into the garden. Maybe you're a bit thin . . . but a bottle should set that right. You've been said and led by the neighbours, all wanting you see a doctor. I don't trust them, they want to cut you up an' I won't have it . . . mind me, now, I won't have it."

The man's voice was almost a shout and he thumped the scoured table.

Rose, his wife, stood and looked at him with her dark eyes.

"What put such notions in your head?" she asked gaily, but her eyes did not smile.

He fidgeted.

"Just talk people have. They must all know other people's business. 'She may need an operation,' they say. I won't have you cut up. You're as well as I am. I don't know where they get such talk."

Rose put on her best hat carefully before the tiny mirror. "Make your mind easy. I'll be back again come Monday at latest. But mind me now, don't forget to feed the ducks. You'll have crusts over and the few oats an' a drop of milk. And mind the fox!"

She listened, the sound of a motor car was at the door. She picked up her suitcase. She turned for a moment, her lips trembling. "God bless you, Christy, I'll write a letter. I'll be back Monday, please God."

The duck family had not heeded the parting, only taking an unhurried way in front of the wheels before they went to the grass, quartering their ground for the hunt.

For a day or two things had gone well. The man had called them night and morning, flung some stale sodabread on the grass and he had locked them in at night. When something prowled and sniffed about the duckhouse, it was only a fear, a shadow on the moonlight, something skulking that barely rustled the grass and loped away into the deep blue shadow of the chestnut tree.

The next night one of the white ducks was missing, but two still answered to the call. The food had been scant. In a vague hope that more might come from the thatched cottage the drake and his two remaining partners had come back to the cottage at noonday.

Christy, on whom their hopes relied, was standing at the gate. But he took no heed. He was watching a man coming up the lane on a bicycle. The man had a green envelope in his hand. He dismounted and handed it to the other. He watched with sympathy as the clumsy dirty fingers tore the envelope and the knitted brows seemed to puzzle over the message. In the country there was no need to pretend that all was not known.

"Will I read it for you, Christy?"

The young man handed the paper back.

"Do you read it. It's not sense to me."

"It says," the reader paused: "Operation performed. Condition critical. Come at once."

"Who sent that?" Christy asked.

"It would be the Hospital. It might be doctor or Matron. You'll need to hurry, man. If you get started on your bicycle, you'll catch the afternoon train. Did you eat your dinner?"

Christy looked at him with vague eyes.

"I knew it," he said, "the fear was there with me, this year or more and I said it was all nonsense. But you can't kill fear. I never wanted she should go. I'd a right to keep her. Them doctors never rest till they use the knife. My God! I feared it all the time."

"Ah! man! Have sinse now. Didn't they say it was the only hope she had? That word came to me. You'll not cheat your fears by staying at home and hiding behind a haystack. Go on, now. Will I help you? Have you got your money? . . . and you'll want a clean shirt an' a tie for the city."

While Christy rummaged wildy in the chest of drawers the remembered voice was in his ears: "I have your shirt all clean for Sunday, just lest maybe I wouldn't be back . . . an' I've ironed your tie."

In ten minutes he was on his bicycle, jogging over the ruts of the lane and the messenger was preparing to mount.

"God help the man!" he exclaimed, and threw a careless glance at the ducks.

Another man crossing the field, pitchfork on shoulder, shouted to him.

"Hi, Mick! What's up?"

"It's his Missus. He's sent for . . . looks bad. I'd think she may have died on them already."

"Poor Rose! God keep the creature, it's a pity of her, a nice tidy-living, decent poor woman. She'd the look of death on her, but he wouldn't see it. He's no eyes in his head, the feller!"

"Some won't see what they're afraid to see."

The messenger looked at the mist of mauve rocket over the hedge. "She'd a great wish for her garden," he said and added "the creature!" on a note of compassion. Then he went off up the lane and the other man down it.

Evening fell with a little cool wind in the shadows. The drake had paddled about, a little wistful because he had understood

not a word of the talk, and hunger and habit drew him to the cottage gate. It was slightly open and he squeezed inside it, questing about the garden for a snail. Ever and again he stretched his neck with a questioning—Quack? But no answer came. A thrush on the chestnut pinnacle was shouting stave after stave of a song and the lazier blackbird played his clarionet in the orchard. The sky was patterned with homing birds, rooks and seagulls. It had already turned to the faint hues of hydrangeas, blue and pink to the east while the west was saffron above the breasts of the far hills.

As the colour faded in the sky the scent of rocket was sweet in the air. A star came out and a bat flickered round the cottage eaves. The June foliage was black now, planes and masses of darkness on the blue of sky. But no one came to house the drake. He paddled into the familiar house, feathered, untidy, now so still and desolate. He settled himself for sleep. The darkness deepened about the duck-house. But the thief saw it all well enough. Stealthy-footed he crept up, sniffing he made his way to the open door. All too easy was the hunt. The drake's twinkling eyes met the green eyes of the fox. Fear crouched and sprang.

FANNY MACCARTNEY

By Seumas O'Sullivan

HORACE Walpole, in one of those letters with which he "obliged the world" much more considerably than he did by any of his more pretentious works, draws the attention of his correspondent to "A wonderful book, by a more wonderful author, Greville. . . . It was generally thought that his wife, the very witty and very pretty Miss Fanny Maccartney, contributed largely to this book." That phrase "a more wonderful author" holds the suggestion of a sneer, as who should say "wonderful that such a man as my friend the author should write such a book." For the book, although published anonymously, was the (reputed) work of Fulke Greville, a man with

whom Walpole was acquainted. The title of the volume gives at least a hint of the writers on whom, the author, to a certain extent, drew for his style and general "conduct":—

Maxims, Characters and Reflections, Critical, Satyrical, and Moral. London: Printed for J. and R. Tonson in the Strand. 1756.

The author has, indeed, in his preface referred specifically to the two earlier writers to whom he is, in some measure, indebted. "In the first place I must observe, that there are about a dozen sentences among the maxims that are extremely like some that occur in La Rochefoucault or La Bruiere: it is therefore necessary to prevent a charge of plagiarism by declaring that I first read those celebrated authors, after the maxims in question were written." An excuse which I find it hard to accept, in view of the fact that Rochefoucault's book was first published in 1665 and had been many times reprinted in English—there is a Dublin edition of 1735. A greater portion of Greville's book does, indeed, consist of a rather watered down re-rendering of the witty Frenchman's scintillating aphorisms. Take, for instance, these: "Some men have just sense enough to prove their want of it," "Friendship never ascends to love, love often descends to friendship," or this, which gives us the sentiment, and almost the very words of Rochefoucault, "Few difficulties, as well as few women, hold out against *real* attacks." It is all fairly well done, however, and for the most part, is "vastly entertaining," but all through the book—on every second page, we meet with a very different kind of writing, and with a wit which is strangely at variance with the general "tón" (a word of which the author appears to be curiously fond). And these portions are, I venture to say, the work of that lady to whom Walpole, in his letter, refers as "the very witty and very pretty Miss Fanny Maccartney." Two endowments of which the master of Strawberry Hill was at least a fairly competent judge. Everyone knows—or should know, that chapter of *The Egoist* in which Mrs. Mountstuart made the striking assertion, in speaking of the young Willoughby, "You see he has a leg." And, again, in this chapter, which is almost solely dedicated to the description of Willoughby's leg, Meredith goes on to say:—"Our Cavalier's is the poetic leg, a portent, a valiance. He has it as Cicero had a tongue. It is a lute to scatter songs to his mistress; a rapier, is she obdurate. In sooth a leg with brains in it, a soul."

But here, 123 years before George Meredith's masterpiece

first saw the light, is a disquisition on a similar subject which seems, to me at least, to have nearly as much wit and quite as much grace of style. "Peleus proposes to himself the character of a fine gentleman, and what think you are in his opinion the requisites necessary to form it? why, happily for Peleus, those which he possesses and no other: Peleus has a *good leg*, a very good leg—the calf full, muscular, not too high nor too low, going off handsomely without too sudden or too considerable a diminution and this is the principal; but think not that this is all. Accompaniments, ornaments, must attend on this leg in particular and in general on the whole person; he dresses himself like a fine gentleman, and this leg, especially employs many happy moments to adorn, and many more to think of O! here he comes,—this is Peleus: did you ever see so neat a leg? the knee at top, delightful! the foot at bottom, divine! If I was a stocking-merchant I would give Peleus half my stock if he would let his leg sit for my sign: you say his stocking looks tight—tight is not the word, I say it looks like his skin; Do you not see in his face how handsome his legs are? You ask if Peleus is polite, easy, gallant; if his carriage and conversation have that propriety which distinguishes true good breeding; if he knows all those delicacies of behaviour which are known to so few; that politeness of heart, which like a kind of internal sense, feels as it were all the peculiarities of different circumstances of time, place and company, still accommodating itself to each with equal softness and dignity; if he possesses above all that natural, that unassumed and unassuming superiority which characterizes the fine gentleman of every country in the world; but to what end are all these questions? I tell you he has got a pair of long tails and the sign of the leg." Goldsmith did not until 1773—a year before his death give us, in his play "She stoops to Conquer" his portrayal of the immortal Tony Lumpkin, but here is a character drawn for us in 1756. "Haoyk, haoyk, hawrk, hoalow! poor Furio was a little in his beer, and contrary to his custom, he accosted us, his left forefinger in his left ear, with this sporting, this deafening vociferation: generally he is rather glum, and you see plainly, for it is plain to be seen, that the fire and spirit of his character lies a little low: Furio professes himself a lover of his own country, a very patriot; happy turn in a young gentleman possessed of £3,000 per annum! those are the men to do honour to it. D——n their bags and solitaires, says Furio,

d——n their operas, their suppers and their speeches and stuff, there's no taste, no honesty in any of them ; what has a man of fortune and taste to do with anything but a pack of fox-hounds, well man'd and well hors'd and *something* in a *good qualification* upon which he can sport two or three cool hundreds ? D——n me this is living, and like a gentleman, d——n all their French nonsense, say I, by G—— there is not one of them knows a horse from a gelding, or whether he is fourteen, fifteen or sixteen hands high ; thus Furio ran on." Even the description of Furio's appearance is rather reminiscent of Tony Lumpkin's as he is presented to us on the stage. "From his scratch comb'd down to his eyes to his walking shoe (not pump) with one leather for his heel, and no leather for his toe, he never admitted any, nor did any hints from the repeated knocks he got from intruding stones, (for the toes were so round and flat, he got many) induce him to alter the fashion." I do not indeed suggest that Goldsmith has been guilty of plagiarism—although no man is more entitled to do so than the author of the *Citizen of the World*, who has improved upon and immortalised everything that he has borrowed. But I like to think that Goldsmith *did* read and enjoy the wit of his talented fellow country-woman. And it is exceedingly probable that he had seen this book, for it bears on its title page for motto, Pope's line "Laugh where we must, be candid where we can," a line which will immediately call to mind the penultimate line of the epilogue to *The Good Natured Man* "Blame where you may, be honest where you can. But be each critic *The Good Natured Man*."

In some of the character sketches which treat of feminine types, we can, I think, clearly trace the hand of sister Fanny, especially in that of that of the lady named Phryne ; "I dined the other day with Phryne, and I have hardly seen anything so sentimental, so soft and so refined as herself : some people might, perhaps, say of the whole that it was *Outré*, but possibly they might have no taste what for they presumed to censure ; her house was the very pink of elegance : her chairs, her tables, her glasses, her picture frames, and above all, her sofa, was Chinese : deliciously Chinese : there was a certain languor that accompanied everything she said ; she protested against everything that was boisterous, and for everything that was sentimental. She had been formerly accused, perhaps maliciously, of some affairs in which she had mixed something somewhat

gross and material with what was spiritual and refined : but even supposing this imputation to be true, she is now most dyingly sentimental, excessively refined, I had almost said romantic in her religion ; so spiritual that she seems already to have divested herself of all terrestrial ideas. Divested herself ? her house then—her Sofa, her——— ? true, she indulges herself in those innocent, those mental amusements and why not ? do they not assist her in the exercise and improvement of her mind ? The poor deluded gross multitude say that Phryne is ridiculous, that the same romantic turn, the same weakness of mind, in every respect the same spirit which was formerly display'd upon lovers and operas, has, now the best of the lovers are gone, run up into this elevated purity. They say too, that she is on the high-road to Methodism and will in a short time—perhaps by the first summer days—arrive at it : and indeed as to myself, I must confess, I perceived something of a contradiction in Phryne : alas ! who among us is without ? She was most exemplary and indeed elevated in her discourse the purity of seraphic love, the divine excellence of virtue and the horrid deformity of sensuality and vice were her everlasting topics. Alas, from what an humble distance did I look up to the celestial Phryne ! and yet I observed that a poor lady, a relation who was supported by her charity—according to her wicked enemies by her pride—was often reminded of her situation and used pretty cavalierly ; this I confess did appear to me a contradiction.”

Ah, Fanny, Fanny ! how exquisitely you have led us up your well-trimmed garden path. But was that merely the wind in the cypress leaves, or did I hear just then a faintly whispered “ Puss puss ” from the lips of some fair 18th century ghost ? Yet your wit was, for the most part, gentle : and here for your adornment are a few jewels which I have picked from that rather dusty heap which your distinguished husband has seen fit to throw together at the end of his book. “ In this country every criminal has the privilege of being tried by his peers, but an author.” “ They tell you it is wrong ? do it again. Still wrong ? again. There—now you see it's right.” “ It is so long since Truth went naked that now we only know her by her clothes.” Take them, dear Fanny, for they are assuredly yours. At three places in the book I find that “ cancel ” pages have been substituted for the originals, (at the first a neat “ copy of verses ” which have—in their opening line a faint suggestion of Landor

“ Ah what avails the length’ning mead ’’) and I look forward to finding, some day, a copy of the book in its uncanceled state, for I have a suspicion –it may be a false one, that in certain places the “ very witty and very pretty Fanny Maccartney ” had expressed herself in a manner which was, perhaps, rather alarming to her very correct collaborator, but might be entertaining enough to readers of the present day.

VOLTAIRE IN IRELAND

By John Hennig, Ph.D.

IN his book *Voltaire’s Visit to England, 1726-1729*¹ Mr. Archibald Ballyantyne said that the appearance in London of four editions of Voltaire’s *Essays upon the Civil Wars of France and upon the Epick Poetry of the European Nations*, between 1727 and 1731 was “ proof of the ready welcome which England offered to Voltaire,” whilst only “ as late as 1760 another edition was printed at Dublin.” “ To the Dublin edition was prefixed a very brief account of Voltaire purporting –and quite probably purporting truly– to be written by J.S.D.D.D.S.P.D., letters which were easily enough intelligible in a country where the name of Jonathan Swift, D.D., Dean of St. Patrick’s, Dublin, was a household word. In 1760, Swift had been dead for fifteen years, and it is quite conceivable that the use of these initial letters may have been the mere device of an unscrupulous publisher. But internal evidence shows that there can hardly be any attempt to deceive ; for one sentence of this little introduction runs : ‘ His (Voltaire’s) *Henriade* Poem is finished and now printed in London by subscription.’ The ‘ now ’ of this sentence is explained in a footnote as being 1728. This would suggest that as early as 1728 there had been a Dublin edition of Voltaire’s Essay, and in that edition an introductory note by Swift, whose friendship with Voltaire had begun in England the year before, would have been a very natural thing. It is fair, however, to add that *Voltaire’s bibliographers are not acquainted with any such edition.*”

¹ London, 1893, p. 115.

Certainly, at the time when Mr. Ballyantyne wrote, neither the British Museum Catalogue nor the catalogues of Trinity College, Dublin, and of the National Library of Ireland showed a trace of a Dublin 1728 edition of Voltaire's Essays, nor did Mr. Dix's catalogue of 18th century Dublin printed books make mention of such an edition. Still this edition exists; it was published by Hyde in Dublin. The copy now owned by Trinity College, Dublin, is bound together with a few other early 18th century pamphlets, and the case of the whole bears the entry "Bought Nov., 1905." The copy owned by the National Library of Ireland was bound in 1926; I assume that it was acquired shortly before.

The implication of Mr. Ballyantyne's statement is that the Irish public took less interest in Voltaire's work than the English. The fact is that, so far as can be judged from the number of Dublin prints of Voltaire's works, Irish interest was comparatively higher. Early Irish interest in Voltaire was doubtless evoked through Jonathan Swift, who, during his last visit to England, in spring 1727, met Voltaire, probably in the house of Lord Bolingbroke.² At the time, Swift planned a journey to France. On June 1st, Voltaire sent him a letter of introduction to Comte de Morville, minister and State-Secretary at Versailles. In this letter Voltaire describes Swift as "*un des hommes les plus extraordinaires que l'Angleterre ait produit*," and assumes that the Count has read "translations of several works which are attributed to him."³ Sending his letter to Swift, Voltaire adds: "At Rouen you will find two or three of my intimate friends who are your admirers, and I shall do my best endeavours to let my country know that I am one of your friends." Swift did not go to France, but in September returned to Dublin.

² If it is true, as John Churton Collins said in the beginning of his essay on *Voltaire in England* (London, 1886), that "Voltaire's residence in England is an unwritten chapter in the literary history of the 18th century, though assuredly few episodes in that history are so well worth attentive consideration," still more true it would be to say that Swift's relations with Voltaire have never been thoroughly explored. Mr. Ballyantyne is apparently the only writer on Voltaire to have noticed his relations with Swift. Newman (*Swift*) says that Swift "saw something of Voltaire (in London) whom he left with an ineffable impression." Van Doren (*Swift*, p. 201), Gwynn (*Swift*, p. 272) and Rossi-Hone (*Swift*, p. 45 f.) make short references to Swift's connection with Voltaire. Hemile Reynald (*Biographie de Jonathan Swift*, Paris, 1860) does not mention Swift's relations with Voltaire. J. Curford's still valuable *Essai historique sur le Docteur Swift* (Paris, 1808) is only concerned with the period from 1710 to 1714; in his note on *Pope* (p. 423) the author does not refer to Pope's and Swift's relations with Voltaire.

³ The following French translations of Swift's works appeared before 1727:
Relation du voyage que fit M.P. (rio)r, gentilhomme anglais à la Cour de France en juillet 1711 au sujet de la négociation de paix (translation of *Character of Earl of Wharton*), London

On December 14th, Voltaire approached Swift on behalf of his *Henriade*. The introductory phrase of his letter seems to indicate that there had been no further intercourse between the two writers during the last six months:

"You will be surprised in receiving an English Essay from a French traveller. Pray, forgive an admirer of you, who owes to your writing the love he bears to your language. . . . You will see by the advertisement that I have some designs upon you, and that I must mention you for the honour of your country and for the improvement of mine. Can I make bold to entreat you to make use of your interest in Ireland about some subscriptions of the *Henriade*, which is almost ready and does not come out yet for want of a little help? The subscription will be but one guinea in hand."

As for Swift's reaction to this, Voltaire's first letter sent to Ireland, we depend on suggestions rather than facts.

Mr. Ballyantyne says:

"Swift complied with Voltaire's request and did what he could to secure subscribers in Ireland. The Lord Lieutenant of Ireland also, Lord Carteret, doubtless did not fail to help.⁴ He was an intimate friend of Swift. Voltaire sent the *Henriade* to him directly."

These last words refer to a further (undated) letter of Voltaire to Swift; which shows that during his sojourn in London Swift had acquainted Voltaire with his physical sufferings (perhaps to console him in his tribulation) and that they had met together Pope:

"I sent the other day a cargo of French dullness to my Lord-Lieutenant. My Lady Bolingbroke has taken upon herself

1711, Liège, La Haye and Luxembourg, 1712 (Teerink, *Swift bibliography*, No. 547 ff.).

Recueil de pièces sérieuses, comiques et burlesques, Les trois justaucorps, Dublin, 1712. According to the Advertisement this was the first translation of the *Tales of a Tub*. A complete translation of the *Tales of a Tub* appeared at La Haye, 1721, reprinted in 1722 with the addition in the title "Doien de St. Patrick (sic!) en Irlande."

Several translations of *Gulliver's Travels* were published at La Haye and Paris, 1727 and '28 (Teerink, No. 371 ff.).

Several translations of the *Conduct of the Allies*, La Haye, Liège and Luxembourg, 1712 (Teerink, 547 ff.).

Translation of *Remarks on the Barrier Treaty*, Luxembourg, 1712; of *History of John Bull* London, 1713, and of *The Publick Spirit of the Whigs*, London, 1714 (Teerink, No. 563, 569 and 601).

⁴ Ballyantyne, *Voltaire*, p. 316, mentions among the visitors at Fernay the Rev. Martin Sherlock, chaplain to the Earl of Bristol and the bishop of Derry (not mentioned in Leslie, *Derry Clergy*): "He related the anecdotes of Swift and Lady Carteret (wife of the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland)."

to send you one copy of the *Henriade*.⁵ She is desirous to do honour to my book; and I hope the merit of being presented to you by her hands will be a commendation to it. However if she has not done it already, I desire you to take one of the copies which are now at my Lord-Lieutenant. I wish you a good hearing, if you have got it, you want nothing. I have not seen Mr. Pope this winter, but I have seen the third volume of the *Miscellanea*,⁶ and the more I read your works the more I am ashamed of mine." (The word "winter" suggests that this letter was written in spring, 1728).

These biographical and bibliographical details would be of little interest, would they not be a source of information on Voltaire's knowledge of Ireland and, on the other hand, on Ireland's interest in Voltaire. References to Ireland in Voltaire's works are easily enumerated. In the chapter on the Church of England in the *Letters concerning the English* (first published in Dublin by Faulkner in 1733), Voltaire says that "no person can gain employment in England or Ireland, unless he is a member of the established Church." Amongst the English literary celebrities Voltaire refers to Berkeley, "a man in whom love of the public good is the ruling power" and whose "sagacity and a certain genius" he admires, and to Swift, "the English Rabelais." "He has the gift of happy jest in verse and prose, but quite to understand him, *il faudrait faire un voyage dans son pays*." Referring to these words Rossi-Hone (p. 45 f.) says: "With his usual superficiality Voltaire fails to tell us whether he considers Ireland or England as Swift's country. Probably Voltaire had Ireland in view, when he spoke of Swift's country, as his English contemporaries never seem to have hesitated to call Swift an Irishman."

Yet, however astonishing it may be, especially with regard to the fact that in those very years Swift's work was almost exclusively devoted to advocating Ireland's cause, I venture to say that we have ample evidence that Voltaire regarded Swift as English. He did not object to the rendering in the English translation of the *Letters concerning the English* of his words *dans son pays* by "in England." In his letter to Comte de Morville, he says that *England* has produced Swift. In his

⁵ See Harold Williams, *Dean Swift's Library*, Cambridge, 1932, p. 65.

⁶ The third and last volume of the first edition of the *Miscellanies* appeared in 1727 in London (Teerink, No. 25, 3). It contains *A Vindication of the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, the Lord Carteret, from the charge of favouring Tories, High-Church-Men and Jacobites*.

letter of December 14th, 1772 he confesses that Swift's writings have made him love the *English* language, and when he subsequently says that he must mention Swift for the honour of "your country," this context makes it quite clear that he means England. Swift's "interest in Ireland" to which Voltaire refers in this letter, was obviously, in his opinion, the interest of an outsider. A further quotation from the *Letters on the English* makes Voltaire's view plain: With reference to "the *English Rabelais*," he exclaims: "How I love the English daring! How I love people who say what they think!" He did not consider to attribute these characteristics to Swift's Irish birth.

Swift's introductory note to the Dublin 1728 edition of Voltaire's *Essays* reads:

"The author of the following Discourses, Mr. de Voltaire, is a young French Gentleman, and allowed to be the most celebrated poet in that kingdom. He hath been some years composing a Heroic Poem upon Henry the Great: but being falsely accused for writing a Libel, he was put into the Bastille and confined there in a dungeon several Months, till the true author was discovered. He then suffered much in his health, and having been known to some English Persons of Quality then at Paris, he was invited over to England. His Heroic Poem is finished and now printing in London by subscription, being encouraged by the Crown and most of the nobility. He has not been above eleven months in England, when he wrote the following Treatises, intended as an Assistance to those who shall read his Poem, and may not be sufficiently informed at the History of that great prince."

Whilst the derivation of this little-known "Account of the Author" from Voltaire's letter of December 14th, 1727 is obvious, it is interesting that, on the other hand, the note on Voltaire made by Scott in his edition of Swift's letters (vol. xvii, p. 167) was compiled from this Account.

The *Henriade* was published in London, 1728. It was dedicated to Queen Caroline, "the consort of a king who among so many crowned heads enjoys almost alone the inestimable honour of ruling a free nation, a king who makes his power consist in being beloved and his glory in being just," words with which Swift and his countrymen will hardly have agreed. Tallentyre⁷ says that Swift "pushed the *Henriade* in Ireland," but we do not

⁷ *Life of Voltaire*, London, 1905, p. 51.

know of any facts in this respect. However, when Mr. Tallentyre says that "the English were inclined to think the *Henriade* too Catholic, and the Catholics thought it too Protestant," he refers, of course, to France, not to Ireland.

I am not aware of any other passage in Voltaire's works which contains a reference to Ireland as such, except that found in *The history of Charles XII, King of Sweden*, where mention is made of the Irish alliance which in 1716, Count de Folard tried to bring about and which was to form a part of Charles's scheme of establishing a New Order throughout Europe. This reference to Ireland gains in significance when we consider that it was in England that "Voltaire gleaned nearly all his information about the King of Sweden" (Ballyantyre, p. 144 f.). In the English translation of the *History of Charles XII*, published by Golding in Dublin, 1735, this reference to Ireland was omitted.^{7b}

The *Essays upon the Civil Wars and on the Epick Poetry* were republished in Dublin in 1760, the *Letters to the English* were reprinted in Dublin in 1738 and '39, and the *History of Charles XII* was published again in Newry in 1815. The *Henriade* was apparently never printed in Dublin, but in 1735 Messrs. Powell published *Alzire* (reprinted in 1736), whilst a little later *Zadig* was published by Henshall. A list of Dublin printed works by Voltaire for the second half of the 18th century may be welcomed as a contribution to the little-explored subject: What books were read by the Irish public in the 18th century? :—*La Tragédie de Sémiramis*: 1750, Dublin (Powell; the first and probably only Dublin print of one of Voltaire's works in French; *Louis XIV*: 1752, Dublin (Faulkner and Dodsley). 1760 (Only the introduction) Dublin (Faulkner), reprinted 1761. *History of the War of 1741*: 1756, Dublin (Ewing). *The Orphan of China*: 1756, Dublin (Smith). *Dissertations with the King of Prussia*:

^{7b} In the first edition of the *History of Charles XII*, printed at Dublin (Rhames) 1732, Folard's negotiations with the Irish are mentioned on p. 275. On page 279 follows the story of the Duke of Ormond's unsuccessful journey on behalf of the Pretender to Sweden. Of this incident Bolingbroke gave an account in his Letter to Sir William Windham.

That Voltaire's *Charles XII* was really read in Ireland, can be seen from the following remark in John O'Keefe's *Recollections*, (London, 1826, Vol. I, p. 401 f.): 'About that time (1780) I was often with Major Jefferies, Governor of Cork. I saw there a whole length picture of Charles XII of Sweden, presented by that 'Head of Iron' as the Turks called him, to Mr. Jefferies' grandfather, whom Voltaire mentions by name in his history of that monarch. Recollecting this, I looked on the picture with much complacency.' I failed to trace a mention of Jefferies in Voltaire's work. One Jernegan, "an Englishman of sense and spirit," is mentioned by Voltaire as Secretary to the Duke of Ormond on his journey to Eastern Europe.

1758, Dublin (Williamson). *Essay on Universal History*: 1759, Dublin (Cotter). *The Coffee-house*: 1760, Dublin (Potts). *History of the Russian Empire under Peter the Great*: 1761, Dublin (Faulkner; T.C.D.—copy: "Donum G. Faulkner.") *Treatise upon Religious Toleration*: 1764, Dublin (Exshaw). *The man of Forty Crowns*: 1768, Dublin (Milliken). *Louis XV*: 1770, Dublin (Faulkner). *Letters to several of his Friends*: 1770, Dublin (Sanders). *Works*, translated by Smollet and Francklin ("neither of them took a part in the translation," B.M. Catalogue; London, 1761-'67); Dublin, 1772 (Moncrieffe; 24 vols.). *Memoirs*: 1785, Dublin (Byrne). *Philosophical Dictionary*: 1793, Dublin (Dornin).

The tracing of Irish response to Voltaire's work and teaching is a very wide field. As early as 1745, Smiths in Dublin published an adaptation of *Mahomet* by J. Miller and J. Hoadley and thirty years later, Exshaw published *Matilda*, a tragedy adapted from Voltaire's *Le Duc de Foix*, by "the author of the Earl of Warwick," Thomas Francklin, D.D., Rector of Braster, Surrey. While these adaptations were made by Englishmen, their publication in Dublin shows Voltaire's influence on the Irish stage.

In the second half of the 18th century, a number of anti-Voltarian books appeared in Dublin. In 1769, Saunders and, in 1778, Potts and Sleater published a reprint of the *Essay on Shakespear with some remarks upon the misrepresentations of Monsieur de Voltaire* by Mrs. Elizabeth Montague, "the queen of the blue-stockings." The first Irish author after Swift to concern himself with Voltaire was the Rev. Le Fanu who, for some time, was curate of St. Luke's, Dublin, and in 1790 published in Dublin a translation of the Abbé Guenneès (sic!) *Letters de certains juives à Monsieur Voltaire* (originally Paris, 1772). In 1793, Husbards printed Claude Duplain's poem in six cantos entitled *La religion vengée des blasphèmes de Voltaire*; among the subscribers were Catholics and Protestants, including Henry Grattan, M.P.⁸ Finally in 1798 Watsons printed a translation of the Abbé de Barruel's *Memoirs illustrating the Antichristian Conspiracy* of Voltaire (chapter viii), Diderot, d'Alembert, etc. This translation aimed at calling up "Protestants and Catholics against the Sophisters of Iniquity against the God of Christianity."⁹

⁸ Ballyantyne, *Voltaire* p. 306 mentions among visitors to Voltaire in 1765 Major W. Browne, a friend of Grattan.

⁹ Three years earlier, Wogans had re-printed the third edition of the Abbé de Barruel's *History of the Clergy during the French Revolution*. B. was Almoner to the Princess of Conti

The first Catholic to write in this country against Voltaire was the Rev. William Graham, O.S.A., whose work *Youth instructed in the grounds of the Christian Religion, with Remarks on the Writings of Voltaire, Rousseau, T. Paine, etc.* (Dublin: McDonelle, 1798), was intended as "an antidote against the contagious doctrines of Atheists, Materialists, Rationalists, Deists, Modern Arians, Socinians, etc." By a strange irony of history these books,¹⁰ whilst being meant to shape the still firmly established picture of Voltaire the priest-hunter and depraved atheist, greatly promoted in Ireland the cause of religious toleration which was one of Voltaire's principal concerns. The approaching of Voltaire's 250th birthday is perhaps an opportune moment to recall the early influence on Ireland and the historical role of this great champion of intellectual freedom.

DRAMATIC COMMENTARY

By A. J. Leventhal.

THE twentieth century was being born in its travail of decadence when William Archer proudly paraded the revolutionary dramatic genius from Norway for English-speaking audiences. Nora walked out on her man in *A Doll's House* into a new century and, women suffragists believed, into a new life. The knocking at the gate in *Macbeth* was the noise of destiny but in *The Master Builder* the rap on the door heralds youth (the "opportunity" of the proverb) demanding attention. There is in this play an amalgam of hope and revolt, symbolism and idealism that reflects the optimism which is characteristic

and wrote "at London under the protection of the English Nation." In the Preface to the first edition he expressed his gratitude to "several gentlemen of the Church of England," who permitted him to speak openly "the language of a Roman Catholic." This preface "to the British Nation" must have made a rather curious reading in Ireland, especially in conjunction with the abusive reference made to Voltaire, "the atheist philosophist" on page 4. Barruel says that "the poor exiled clergy is indebted to the benefices of various gentlemen including Mr. Burke."

¹⁰ I was unable to trace a copy of *James Young or The Sage and the Atheist, an English story*, Dublin, 1776, mentioned in Dix's MS. Catalogue of 18th century Dublin prints. In his *Biographical Dictionary of Irishmen in France* Dr. Richard Hayes mentions that in the middle of the 18th century Thomas Cantillon, an officer in the Irish brigade, grandson of Philipp C., 8th baronet of Ballyheigue, Co. Kerry, published *Histoire de Charles XII, roi de Suède*.

of the revolutionary impulses at the turn of any century in an incurably occult humanity. Maeterlinck swooned over the relationship between Hilda Wangel and Halvard Solness. For him they are the first characters in drama who feel for an instant that they are living in the atmosphere of the soul. It all seems very remote. Nowadays, having travelled half-way through the new century, Nora's female grandchildren have perhaps more effrontery than freedom, whilst the young men with talent need not even acquire a masonic knock to enter the portals of careers that are thrown wide open to them. As for souls they have passed into the keeping of novelists and psychopaths. This notwithstanding, the Gate Theatre gave an air of reality to the simple symbolism of this idealistic play. There were several slow moments which were brought about by Cathleen Delany's inability to convince us of Hilda's childlike intensity, but T. St. John Barry's Halvard was a memorable performance, moody in the consciousness of his waning artistic powers and splendid before his apocalyptic climb to death.

Whilst I should be the last person to despise the ghost story, which has its roots in the history of mankind, Lady Longford has shaken my belief in its efficacy as a thriller on the stage. *Le Fanu*, unadapted, is far more terrifying. You want to run as you read. *The Avenger*, as produced by the Gate Theatre, held you in your seat not out of terror but in the hope, vain alas! of an ultimate *frisson*. And such a genteel ghost! The sheet à la Klu Klax Klan with hollow eyes may be vulgar but it can inspire horror. Lord Longford designed a Spanish sartorial masterpiece but as a ghostly garb it failed lamentably. And he was handsome too—this long dead Spanish grandee who played the harp so divinely. Why indeed should not Una (Cathleen Delany) wish to leave the dreary surroundings of her uncomfortable castle to join him in a life under the lake, the chemical properties of which must have had a miraculous power of preservation since flesh and catgut could in its depths survive the assault of time? Idle carping perhaps in ghostly fishing waters, but how can you feel the horror, which every member of the audience was entitled to expect, of an elopement with a spirit if the after-life he has to offer compares so favourably with our own vale of tears? The actors were stilted in their efforts to produce an eerie atmosphere in a play in which they were obviously uncomfortable.

The Gate actors, however, were in gala mood in William

Congreve's *Love for Love*. Dr. Johnson found Congreve's characters "fictitious and artificial" and added that they had "not much of life." He had some justification in finding them unnatural but had he been present at this excellent production he must needs have withdrawn his charge of lack of liveliness. Never could this Augustan dramatist have had the vitality of his creations—a vitality inherent in every line—so brilliantly vindicated. Valentine (T. St. J. Barry) simulated madness with a verve and impetuosity that was at times a little bewildering. The whole tempo of the play, however, was taken rather too speedily. Lines were spoken with a rapidity that was breathless. But the play really lived. Hazlitt instances the conversation between Angelica and Foresight as an example of what occurs when the intellectual male attempts to converse in his own language with the frivolous creature of the opposite sex; the one is wandering among the signs of the Zodiac whilst the other is standing a-tiptoe on the earth. Laforgne's definition of women as "Ces êtres mediocres et magiques" is more apt in this case. The astrologer is ridiculous with his head among the stars; the real magic is to be found in the sprightly Angelica. The outstanding acting performance was given by Maurice O'Brien as Tattle. Here indeed was acting of the very first rank. Every gesture, every note in the voice, every movement on the stage seemed inevitably significant. One forgave the applause at his every exit, one sensed an anticipation of enjoyment in the audience when he made a new entrance. This revival of a fine play was worthy of the Gate Theatre and must rank amongst their best productions. To some people Congreve's attitude:—"Not wondering at the world's new wicked ways" might have seemed a sufficient reason for leaving his work unplayed in the city where he spent the formative years of his life, but his robust wit in *Love for Love* more than compensated for the loose language and frail morality of his period.

We had yet another revival in the Edwards-MacLiammoir production at the Gaiety Theatre of *The School for Scandal*. Sheridan liked to think himself a second Congreve, but as has been pointed out by several critics the one is really the other's antithesis. Congreve created characters which are distinguishable by their speech; Sheridan's *dramatis personae* are stylistically the same. It requires acting and dress to point the difference. In this regard, the play under review was successful. Betty

Chancellor (Lady Teazle), Meriel Moore (Lady Sneerwell), Hilton Edwards (Sir Peter Teazle) and all the rest made the evening an enjoyable one. Patrick Perrott seemed undismayed by the clothes rationing laws and didn't move a bustle; the ladies were all cock-a-hoop in a riot of finery.

The fourth stage performance of the Dublin Verse Speaking Society at the Peacock Theatre was a memorable one. Austin Clarke delved into the sixth century for his drama of conscience presented under the title *The Plot is Ready*. Since 1916 when he published his epic *The Vengeance of Fionn* that burst in all its rich beauty on the Anglo-Irish scene, Mr. Clarke has developed a subtlety and sureness in the handling of his poetic medium that has culminated in this fine poetic drama. The theme is the conflict between church, wife and mistress for the soul of Muriadach in which the mistress, Osna, emerges as victor. Like Goethe's or Marlowe's *Faust* this play has the sense of urgency which surrounds subjects like the soul, love and immortality—an urgency which is enhanced by the distance in time of the setting, the simplicity of primitive passion and the uninquiring obedience of *sancta simplicitas*. Gerard Healy (the Abbot) spoke his rich lines with fanatical conviction.

The second play of the evening was *Bluebeard* by Mary Devonport O'Neil. Again we had some very effective verse speaking but Maureen Kiely with her plangent rhythmic voice added most to the success of the presentation. Some day soon, perhaps, our producers will recognise that in Miss Kiely we have a really promising actress, one who should certainly, for example, make a lovely Juliet.

Art Chronicle

By Edward Sheehy.

AUTUMN, 1943

THROUGHOUT the many square miles of canvas exhibited this autumn the most optimistic critic could hardly discern more than a few square yards of any value as art. The rest is worthless, except to those indefatigable seekers after pictures which, enshrined above the imitation chippendale, will not do violence to the art-shop bric-à-brac, the golf-cups and other trophies of prowess in respectable recreations. The painters, wittingly or unwittingly, have supplied the public with this "garniture and household stuff," the familiar

clichés so dear to those who "know nothing about art but know what they like." Only very rarely does one find that the painter has looked with his own eyes, or used his medium according to an individual emotional or intellectual impulse. Either the majority of our painters believe in giving the public what it likes, or is still mentally and emotionally on a level with the public, and differs only in possessing a certain technical accomplishment. Our artists, with few exceptions, are inexpressibly polite, infinitely considerate of their public's feelings. At their one-man shows the suburban matron can greet their pictures as she would a one-time familiar acquaintance in Grafton Street: "My dear, you haven't changed a bit!" Whereas a work of art should awaken no such comfortable response in minds so innocent; a work of art should shock, like a display of emotion in a public place, like a secret revealed, like a very personal skeleton uncupboarded. That is why the *Irish Exhibition of Living Art*¹ for all its shortcomings, was so interesting. It represented the rebels, the innovators (albeit with a few of the academicians for windowdressing), and, believing with Blake that "Active evil is better than passive good," I like the rebel even when he is so preoccupied with some private aesthetic or psychotic problem that he forgets altogether that there is company present.

Apart from Jack B. Yeats, whom we must place in a category of his own and whose best picture was the impressive *Homage to Bret Harte*, the most interesting painter here was Mary Swanzy. She has individuality, somewhat morbid it is true, but consistently expressed in the fusion of form and content. Her tones are rich, subdued and charged with fatality; her drawing is subtly distorted. *Revolution* is a terrible picture, an indictment of human nature as a portrait of the mob. *The Necklace* has a decadence that might be compounded of Beardsley and Gauguin, but isn't. As a painter she has something to say; it may not be reassuring or comfortable, but she says it.

Louis le Brocquy's much-talked-of *The Spanish Shawl* is a piece of Romantic impressionism and strangely academic in a young painter whose control of line is shown in his *Classic Theme I and II*. His *Image of Chaos* took the title rather too literally for good painting.

Nano Reid is a bold and original painter but inclined to be rather too energetic in her approach and too afraid of colour. I preferred her *Paquita* to the more ambitious *Adventures of Ideas* in which the composition was overloaded. Mainie Jellett's *Western Procession* is a lovely piece of rhythmic decoration, but no more. Hilda Roberts astonished with a very fine incursion into a new medium for her *Resurrection from the Dead*, a design for stained glass in which the contrapuntal composition with the lead was most effective. Two small pictures, *Sailor at Night* and *Yellow Tower*, by Thurloe Connolly, show imagination and a rather surrealist precision. I liked also the Classical treatment of *Carnival at Enniscrone* by Lieut. Maurice F. Cogan.

The gallery held a small Memorial Exhibition of the works by the late Jerome Connor. The pieces presented, though hardly representative of the sculptor at his best, gave a fair idea of his range, from the naive lyricism of *Irish Peasant Girl* to the humour, strength and fine observation of *The Bellman*. The Municipal Gallery should organise a larger exhibition of the best of his work available under wartime conditions.

¹ National College of Art, Sept. 16th–Oct. 9th.

Since pictures cannot be painted "through the medium" An tOireachtas displayed no nationalist bias in its exhibition.² Jack B. Yeats stole the honours with his *An tAbhran Nuadh*. Sean Keating had two pictures, *Stalcaire* (which dates, I believe, from his very early days as a painter) and *Ned Mór agus Neidín Beag*. In both the artist's tendency to concentrate on one part of a picture at the expense of the rest is apparent. The meticulous and brilliant realism in the work on the donkey's head in the former gives the rest of the picture an unfinished look. Sean O'Sullivan's *Ceann Cailín Óg* is a brilliant portrait, but in its conventional beauty it is a work of virtuosity rather than art. His *An Abha, Inbhear Mór*, is pleasing for its clarity of tone and simplicity of composition. Ernest C. Hayes gives a display of technical virtuosity worthy of better purpose in *Ins an Studio*. This is *trompe l'oeil* let loose among a motley assortment of objects mostly of "artistic" interest. Harry Kernoff in *Sraid i gCill Inghean Leinín* and *Tighthe, Baile Atha Cliath*, shows himself, as usual, a painter with a bold and individual sense of composition; however, the invariable flatness of tone tends to rob his pictures of depth. This is particularly true of his larger pictures.

Kay and Christopher Casson held a show at the Country Shop. Their work is pleasant because deliberately childlike and unpretentious. Their joint pictures have a fabulous fairy-tale content expressed with an abundance of decorative detail: excellent pictures for the nursery.

Fergus Ryan³ is a young painter; but most of his work is in a vein of soft romantic impressionism. Nevertheless one or two of his oils give promise of something better than the derivative if he would forget the drawingrooms. His best here were *Walls of Dublin* with its strong composition and *Horseman's Row, Dublin*.

Letitia Hamilton⁴ is technically accomplished as a painter; but her pictures are, for all that, impeccably "drawing room." A one-man show of her's makes the spectator "faint with too much sweet." Her excessive use of the palette knife, a predilection for the most sugary tones and a superabundance of white inevitably suggest the confectioner's.

Ralph Cusack⁵ is an interesting and experimental painter. His compositions, though exceedingly formal, bow sufficiently to realism to be communicative. His sense of colour is bold, original, but not always subtle. His most successful work lies between the extreme subjectivism of the two *Family Fourposter* pictures in which the object has disintegrated before the subjective onslaught, and the decorative intelligibility of *Drumgoff Bridge (October)*. I liked *The Cell, June*, for its sustained architecture and mood.

It may seem, even to the careful critic, that the pictures of Jack B. Yeats⁶ are, technically, the result of blind chance; that they are not is demonstrated by the deplorable results achieved by his imitators. Yeats' art, though Romantic and instinctive, relies for its success on profound appreciation of the emotional value of colour and a sound sense of drawing which, though used with economy, is nevertheless an essential component of his colour symphonies. He is the

² TÍS AN ÁRÚ MHAOIR, 23adh-30adh Deireadh Foghbhair.

³ Contemporary Picture Galleries, Oct. 14th-28th.

⁴ Recent paintings of Ireland: Waddington Galleries, Oct. 26th-Nov. 3rd.

⁵ A Year's Paintings: Dublin Painters' Gallery, Oct. 22nd-Nov. 4th.

⁶ Exhibition of Later Painting: The Victor Waddington Galleries, Nov. 1943.

master of mood, of many moods. Here we have the cold, funereal tones of *A Loath to Depart*, the sensational reds and yellows of *Heroes of the Flames*, the subtle gloom of the *Quiet Man*, the schoolboy romance of *This Grand Conversation was under the Rose*, the crowded excitement of *The Clown among the People*. It seems to me that his most successful pictures are nostalgic with a catholic and all-embracing nostalgia for a time and a mode of life that did not survive the first Great War.

Space and the date of going to press unfortunately do not allow me to deal with several shows of late November.

BOOK REVIEWS

AS THE CROW FLIES. A Lyric Play for the Air by Austin Clarke. Dublin: The Bridge Press, Templeogue. London: Williams & Norgate. 3s.

That Austin Clarke should reach back to the seventh century for this play is no novelty in the history of art, though the almost unanimous trend of the later schools is to take the immediate present as being the only part of Time that matters, the present tense of a verb that has no past. This, of course, is a ridiculous limitation, for worlds that vanish historically seem to recur again and again in art as if through some law of psychic necessity. Whatever excites a poet to creation would seem to have modern significance because it has psychic significance, and very often this is the clearer and more defined for being removed from the immediate naturalism of everyday.

This new play in verse, an old folk story adapted to dramatic form, has all the 'murderous innocence' of Clarke's later work. Externally, it derives from that Celtic Romanesque vision of Ireland which he described not long ago in this Magazine, a world, like a mediæval map, peopled by voids and holy guesswork where the Gaelic imagination was moulding in itself, in the manner of a miracle play, the first striking elements of the new European learning. What was, however, a simple tale in the mouth of the annalist suffers in Clarke a sea-change into something almost terrible, the more stark, I think, because some of the naive overlay of the folk tale is retained with its grotesquerie and sly wild humour. It is not until the climax comes with terrifying suddenness, and life is stripped of all the pleasant romantic hazes that humanize it, that we realize that this is a vision of the world, the old riddle of the universe that is the beginning and the end of all thought. In different ways, in different plays, he has touched on this before, leaving himself uninvolved like a schoolmaster who throws a problem at his pupils and never questions their answers. In this play there is no miracle or no accident that faith might name as miracle. The schoolmaster, for once, corrects the answers. And the answer is bleaker than death itself. The annals with apparent innocence hide an analogue as deadly as ruthless intellect. We invent Gods for forefathers, dress appetites in silk, and make our beds in prophetic heavens, but what is the reality? Listen to the Salmon of Assaroe, that mythic figure who has lived many times and was once known as Fintan, who

“ saw a deluge
 Destroy in rage the ancient world
 And millions perish in the surge
 Hugeing above each mountain refuge.
 I could not keep by subterfuge
 My mortal shape. Yet I escaped
 Into another consciousness
 That did not know me. I lived on.
 Men called me blessed. In the west
 I prophesied to Partholan,
 Divined the arts but knew no rest.”

Fintan, answering the Eagle, who in this play is a symbol of happy-going unthinking man, is the intellect speaking within its life experience.

“ How can you guess,
 Poor bird, dressing your carrion meat
 With highflown feet, that every creature
 We know is eaten by disease
 Or violent blow ! We are unseasoned,
 Unsensed, unearthed, riddle-diddled
 By what is hidden from the reason.
 How can the forethought of defilement
 Be reconciled with any faith
 That teaches mortals to be mild ?
 A thousand years I waited, prayed
 And all my fears were only answered
 By agony of ignorance.
 How must reality be named
 If carnal being is so shamed ? ”

The play, then, with its bird-masks and monks, lyrical as birdmusic and as simple-seeming, with its Shannon setting and green glimpses of the natural earth, and its astonishing and magnificent speech, is the poet in all his trappings, but with the poet now, in a definite equal partnership, goes that eternal questioner, the questing, querying, unresting intellect, Clerk to the Court of Reason, who will bring everything before his tribunal and insist that a decision be given. The result of the partnership is a brilliant clarity of technique where every lyrical impulse finds room. Fintan in his Salmon-form can declare the unfinal end :

“ The very plague-pit in my breast
 Widened with time. How can I find
 In all the ages I have known
 The dreadful thought that slowly brought
 My consciousness beneath those waters
 Where memory unrolls the mind
 In chronicles of war, greed, slaughter—
 Unchanging misery of mankind ! ”

but while he is telling of time, the blackbird on the bough, with all the egoism of a star performer, is, in very human fashion, dazzling itself with day-dream.

"In little cells behind a cashel,
 Patric, no handbell gives a glad sound.
 But knowledge is found among the branches.
 Listen ! The song that shakes my feathers
 Will thong the leather of your satchels."

This little play, though made for the air, should give some imaginative producer a job after his own heart, if he were able to gather the necessary verse-speakers. On the air, it was triumph.

PADRAIC FALLON.

THE LETTERS OF LLEWELYN POWYS. Selected and Edited by Louis Wilkinson with an Introduction by Alyse Gregory. John Lane. 21s. net.

Exiled from England for the greater part of his life, in Africa, America and Switzerland, Llewelyn Powys could only keep in touch with his family and friends by letters. This volume is a life history, from September 1895—when he writes to his Mother from Sherborne School, "I saw puppy yesterday. I hop my speling is not so very bad."—to November 1939, a month before his death in Switzerland, when he writes to a friend, "I have had a happy life for half a century in the sunshine." He could say this with truth, although he had been an invalid lying in bed for years at a time, for the greater part of his life. It was this gay and gallant courage, together with his poetic approach to life, and quick responsive sympathy with his correspondents, that constitutes so much of his charm as a letter writer. Although quite different by nature to his ancestor Cowper, he had in common with that great letter writer, a gift for making the most trivial occurrence in daily life glow and glisten and sparkle in the light of his picturesque and varied fancy. He was always concerned with the eternal behind the temporal; human values, the human heart and mind. Looking forward to a better epoch after the contemporary tormented scene, he writes in a letter to his younger sister, "Compassion and imagination then will be the two stable lanterns by which the dung will be cleared away. Compassion and imagination and an understanding that nothing can be done to save the world which does not found its reforms on the firm footing of human nature. All else is oppression and tyranny and a revival of power politics in disguise." The great humanists Montaigne and Rabelais were two of his favourite writers, and with a pen armed with the nobility and variety of seventeenth century prose, what wonder that he distrusted and disliked modern journalistic values ! He was first and foremost a stylist, in his letters as in his books. The former abound in treasures of phrasing ; this description of his infant nephew for example : "He looks like a sea kelpie, or a salient whelp of the old gnome in the milk pond copse," or this : "There is a beautiful song in Theocritus where he describes Polyphemus—distracted with love for his sea nymph—deploring the fact that his eyebrows grew from ear to ear, and spending his sleepless nights singing old canticles. How I should have liked to have heard that singing ; those husky madrigals echoing over his hurdled sheep under the full moon."

There are many interesting literary judgments scattered through the letters. His criticism was always marked by an unerring instinct for imaginative quality, and a sturdy commonsense uninfluenced by clique verdicts. "The present cry that the best literature is a mere product of the cunning of the cold intellect is but an empty store of words. Clever and artful poetry . . . melts like hoarfrost; the rudest proverb, the wildest verse from the oldest ballad lasts longer." In a few words he captures the spirit of Thomas Delony, the Elizabethan. "He is so frolic, so Rabelaisian and full of such sturdy countryside wisdom . . . No other writer can evoke the very smack of sun-slapped reality as he."

Letters are great revealers of personality, and I have quoted enough to give discriminating readers who appreciated the essays he contributed to THE DUBLIN MAGAZINE, some idea of their author's quality. There is scarcely a page, particularly in the later letters, that does not flash out its message of wisdom or poetry, or hold some particularised description written in fresh and living prose. Spontaneous and generous, spendthrift of heart and mind, he wrote as his mood dictated, and lightheartedly presented his friends with his ideas and lyrical descriptions, where a more niggardly writer would have saved these up for articles and books.

The preface by Alyse Gregory is written in noble and dignified prose. Intimate without being embarrassing, she gives some illuminating glimpses of their environment, their friends and their life together.

MONA GOODEN.

THE GREATEST OF THESE. By Francis MacManus. Talbot Press, 7s. 6d.

There was a strange tension in Francis MacManus's last book, "Watergate," a nervous excitement which at times seemed out of proportion to its ostensible cause. Throughout "The Greatest of These" tension is maintained to an almost painful degree, but here there is no hint of inadequacy in the cause. Edward Linton, Bishop of Dunmore, learns that his former teacher, Father James Phelan, who was "silenced" more than forty years before, is still alive, and not only alive but in his own diocese, occupying a lonely cottage in the Linny Hills. Father Phelan's case has been long forgotten and it would be easy to leave it so—easy for some men but not for Edward Linton. He reads the documents of the case and learns of how excess of zeal for the poor of his parish drove Father Phelan, through rebellion against authority, rejection of friends and incitement of civil law, to silence and exile. The Bishop compares his own easy gait with the other's fanatical enthusiasm, and guesses how terrible must be the punishment of this priest in his impotence without church, without flock, his zeal unused, the consolations of his holy office denied to him. Unable to rest, he determines to attempt the recovery of Father James Phelan and is successful. The last scene, which might so easily have failed, is a quietly and beautifully satisfying close to a most skilfully designed story. "The Greatest of These" has shape—the rounded shape of "Ethan Frome" or "An Untitled Story." It opens to the sound of cathedral and church bells and it closes to the same sound; and between these two points, retrospect and action are interwoven in a curiously complete tapestry of life. The gentleness and humanity of Edward of Dunmore are perhaps better portrayed in his thoughts and actions than in his speech which is at times playful and arch enough to be irritating. The whole scene with the Archdeacon and

the Canons early in the book suffers from this archness and one hankers here for more continuity of statement. Yet the Bishop emerges full-size from the story, broad-based upon his humanity. See him on his day of consecration :

" . . . towards the end of the ceremony, his eyes dazed by turning from the lit altar to the gloom of the cathedral, he walked tired in his new robes between Ossory and Ferns to give his blessing to the congregation. It seemed to him they had been laying burdens on his back, burden upon burden, and binding and swathing his limbs more than he could ever carry or endure ; and he was afraid with a swiftly conquered but wounding fear that they were consecrating the wrong man and that they did not know . . . "

A further triumph of the book is the wholeness of its ecclesiastical atmosphere,—these men are always the servants of their Church and cannot be mistaken for laymen. Imagery and description contribute to maintain that atmosphere :

" Already the cathedral front, rising sheer out of the lake of the darkness enclosed below between limestone walls and railings, would be defining itself slowly, as with the infinite caution of a scrupulous theologian, in the presence of the creative glimmering east . . . "

" The Greatest of These " marks an advance on Francis MacManus's previous books. The theme is bigger and is handled with increased technical skill as well as with courage and imaginative warmth.

W. P. M.

WALLS IN THE GRASS. By Michael Walsh. The Talbot Press. 2s. 6d.

MIDNIGHT. By Brian Farrington. College of St. Columba Press. 1s.

BEHOLD THE JEW. By Ada Jackson. The Greenwood Prize Poem in *The Poetry Review*, July/August.

In the opening poem of " Walls in the Grass," Michael Walsh looks back on the lost hours of his childhood and concludes :

" How can this heart forget,
How can it soon forget,
Or evermore forget
Mean straw and stone and clay?—
But yet the door of all
That knows no shore in time
No bounds in any star! "

For him his childhood home is that home of the mind on earth to which every poet returns for sustenance. Yet he is not the poet of regret but rather of the " green invading spears of spring." There is a lovely quality of innocence in his poetry. He looks at the land around him with something of the grave delight of childhood and yet, as Mr. Theodore Maynard points out in a discerning preface, " he is never so naive as he seems. A suggestion of subtlety about to spring up from the grass, of a symbolism about to fall from the skies, is not far away." This is " religious poetry " and " nature poetry " at the same time, arising out of love and respect for created things as they come from the hands of their Creator. Music is in the verse, individual, apparently instinctive, born with the sense. Sometimes a technical defect, a phrase or image out of tone with the rest, spoils

complete pleasure in a poem,—flaws which he could, and perhaps would, easily have mended. As it is, almost every page has lines one longs to quote out of the natural desire to share delight. Here, in this book, Michael Walsh has given his own "pure clear summer of a child" and shed his own "tenderness of light," and to read him is to walk through the land "whose earth-quiet light first blessed these eyes" in company with a man at once gentle and strong, innocent and subtle. Michael Walsh died in 1938 at the age of forty-one and, thinking of his loss, one remembers Francis Ledwidge.

In the "Prologue" to "Midnight" Brian Farrington declares:

"I have made these songs out of
Gusty passions
Raging round the fragile
Shell of the brain."

This leads one to expect a more turbulent, undisciplined verse than the book contains. Most of the poems are of an exquisite and precise directness. The thing said is the thing intended and one doesn't want it said otherwise. Each piece is quite finished when it ends and it could not have ended sooner without losing something. Here and there the inevitable "influences" are traceable, but this is highly individual work. Mr. Farrington has a nice ear and he handles his short-line measures, mainly dactylic, with freedom and grace. He has all the simplicity of statement of the best nursery rhyme. Here is the last verse of "Bandy the Outcast":

"Then the ten big men took
Ten big branches,
Beat at his body till it
Screamed no more;
Threw it in a ditch, all
Bloody and dead, said,
'That's what mad-men
Get round here.'"

The booklet was printed and produced at St. Columba's College, and has decorations by Michael Biggs, the first and last of which are especially good. "Midnight" is, I believe, the work of a schoolboy,—that, of course does not increase the intrinsic merit of the verse, but it is remarkable.

Ada Jackson's prize poem "Behold the Jew" is a brilliant *tour de force*, but it is much more than that. In her plea for toleration and understanding of the Jewish race she enters into no argument about the causes of their persecution or about suggested methods of dealing with "the Jewish problem." Her cry is from the heart and to it:

"Jew, I say—and in my heart
it rhymes with all the hunted things
that cower in brakes and die in reeds
of shattered breasts and broken wings . . ."

But she goes far beyond that, calling up great names in literature, art, science, medicine or philosophy—

"Oh world, upon whose glittering breast
the great are gems of myriad hues,
reach for thy tiring glass, Behold
how many and how great the Jews!"

Then, with a series of vignettes, she sets before us the homely, simple, kindly, generous "little Jews" whom she has known and loved, and having shown them, she declares:

"Behold the Jew in whom I find
no more of fault than lies within
the soul of any other man."

That is the basis of her plea. The poem is frank propaganda and inevitably some of its seven hundred lines lapse into mere declamation or shallow fluency; but as a whole it is a moving and noble utterance. Its very intensity of feeling might have ruined it, but its author has words at her command and knows how to use them to express her own generous indignation and affection.

W. P. M.

POEMS FROM THE RUSSIAN, chosen and translated by Frances Cornford and Esther Polianowsky Salaman (Faber & Faber). Price 3/6.

This is a well-chosen collection of 40 poems by 12 authors, from Krylov (1768-1844) to Blok (1880-1921), selected not without an eye to being *à propos* in a war-distracted world. Starting with Krylov's fable *The Wolf in the Kennels* (the wolf stands for Napoleon)—we come to Puskin. Tatiana's Letter, out of *Eugen Onegin*, is (as the authors remark) peculiarly untranslatable. I hasten to *The Prophet*, that poem of splendour and terror—the only poem I know of too great for a musical setting to 'destroy.

It is easy to find fault with translations, yet a perfect translation can only happen by a sort of miracle, such as Wolfgang E. Groeber's German version of Blok's *The Twelve*. Groeger's translation is a great poem in itself, like an original masterpiece.

A song by the folk-poet Koltsov follows.

Six poems by Lermontov show the varied range of his genius. *The Angel*, written when he was seventeen, expresses unforgetably his earth-bound soul's nostalgia for the skies. I find the translation pedestrian—a lesser evil than being high-flown; but *He sang with genuine praise*, brings one to earth with a thud. *The Sailing Ship* is a delicate poem: the translation too concrete to hold its magic.

A Hymn by Nekrasov is representative of that lover of the people who knew how to laugh and weep with them.

Tyutchev's *Silentium* loses much in the translation. I find the English rough and jolting, the inversions a blasphemy, the abbreviation in *A thought that's Spoken is a Lie* undignified. *I Like the Lutheran Service* fares better.

But yet the hour has struck. Kneel down and pray,
For you will pray no more.

That was written in 1834.

A charming poem follows—by Fet, who wrote divine lyrics and lived as a worldling: one by Maykov, the imagist; one by Alexis Tolstoy, poet and dramatist. Tolstoy died in 1875.

Balmont, born in 1867—was a poet of atmosphere: delighting in mists, strange lights, exhalations, reflections. The poem *Drowned* represents him well. I miss Bryusov's name after Balmont's. Realist and humorist, Bryusov provides a good contrast to his contemporary. He died about ten years ago.

Anna Akhmatova (b. 1889) is the sole woman represented. Zinaida Hippus (Merejskovsky's wife) might well have been included.

With Blok the anthology ends. In *The Cathedral Choir* and *The Stranger* are famous poems, and these translations are the best I have seen.

Personally I prefer the Blok of *The Twelve* and the verse plays. And these are moving lines :

Come at the hour of death, you croaking horde,
Swarm on us, ravens, lying sick and dumb !
Those who are worthier, O Lord, O Lord,
Shall see Thy Kingdom come.

The little book concludes with fourteen pages of admirable notes.

BLANAID SALKELD.

FROM MANY ANGLES. By Sir Frederick Sykes. Harrap. 25s.

Major-General Sir Frederick Syke's life has been one of initiative and vigour. He went tea-planting in Ceylon and travelled around the world before fighting as a trooper in the Boer War. In India he served first as a junior officer, and afterwards as Governor of Bombay. At the Dardenelles he commanded the Royal Naval Air Service, and has been Chief of the Air Staff, Controller of Civil Aviation, and adviser on a diversity of subjects, including Transport, Wireless Telephony, Broadcasting, Miners' Welfare and Newspaper Publication. Few men have had so wide a range of experiences, or accomplished so much in military and civil and civic spheres.

Before the coming of the airplane Sir Frederick was experimenting with balloons, endeavouring to devise a "dirigible." And all the time he was interested in the pioneer work of the Wrights. Then came improvements in the internal combustion engine. In 1909 Wilbur Wright flew ninety-three miles, Blériot from Calais to Dover; and the author hurried home from South Africa to learn to fly. He was one of the first half-dozen British officers to qualify as pilot, and the number of his civil certificate was 96.

The development of the airplane, from those rough-and-ready, trial by error days, makes a fascinating story wherein the author recounts some reminiscences of the intrepid pilots with whom he worked. Of the late Erskine Childers he writes:

My most poignant memory is that of Erskine Childers, a brilliant officer and utterly fearless. Before the war he was a keen amateur yachtsman, and had carried out, entirely on his own initiative, a daring recon-

naissance of the coast-line at the mouth of the Ems, which furnished the Admiralty with valuable information. He embodied his adventures in that fascinating story, *The Riddle of the Sands*. When war was declared he at once joined the Royal Naval Air Service and took a prominent part in the seaplane attack on the Schellig Roads. Our chief difficulty was to prevent Childers from taking flights out of turn; on two occasions when he crashed into the sea it was found that he had no business to be on that patrol at all. In 1916 he took part in a daring raid by means of motor-boats.

"From Many Angles" is more than the story of a life filled with crowded hours; it is also a 'deep thinker's reasoned contribution to the work of World Reconstruction, an examination and explanation of International affairs, of mistakes made and opportunities missed, and of constructive accomplishments. The main "Angles" are Commonwealth, the United States of America, and an English-speaking Union as a factor of strength in preserving peace and in fostering unity among all nations; but, of course, before peace can be preserved it must first be made, justly, as a firm foundation upon which a balanced world can be maintained. The policy which the U.S.S.R. may adopt is discussed, the claims and rights of minority States examined, and eight chapters are devoted to the problems and future settlement of India. Among many current works on the subject—or multiplicity of subjects—this one, containing more than six hundred pages, is outstanding for its comprehensiveness and documentation. The author's conclusions deserve careful consideration.

J. R. H.

TIME AND CHANCE: THE STORY OF ARTHUR EVANS AND HIS FOREBEARS. By Joan Evans. Longmans, Green & Co. 21s.

This comprehensive biographical work covers three periods of Reign, in one of which is brought out all the character and self-reliance which were among the stronger traits of the Middle-class Victorians. End-papers contain genealogical charts which by the prolificacy of family branches made this reviewer pause in apprehension of being overwhelmed by multitudes of Evanses and Dickensons. However, the author (after offering this sop to the pedigree hunters) has confined her family chronicle, in the main, to the successive stories of three remarkable men, and in tribute to longevity she points out that the scope of her work is within the span of two lives. Arthur John Evans, who died in 1941, as a child was taken to see his great-grandmother, who was born in 1760.

Arthur Benoni Evans settled himself at Gloucester, and there began to forget that he was a Welshman. Late in life he married Anne Dickenson, from which union sprang John (afterwards Sir John) Evans, who inherited business acumen through the distaff side and was taught the secrets of his father's hobby, the collecting of old coinage and fossils. Young John was set to work with his uncle, John Dickenson, a thriving paper-manufacturer, who had a branch at Belfast. The abridged story of the enterprise and expansion of the firm of Dickenson tells us how men of vigour and probity made full use of their competitive opportunities in the early days of the new industrial age, and of how a man's business progressed alongside his scientific pursuits and family

duties. The Evans home was a museum and an office, a centre of social and scientific and commercial life. In 1859 John Evans made his first journey to Ireland, where collectors of antiques were few. Here he found new hunting-grounds, and thereafter his visits to Dickenson's Belfast branch were opportunities for visits to pre-historic sites. His discoveries in the neighbourhoods of Antrim, Lough Neagh and Lurgan formed the subject of the first paper which he read to the Antiquaries.

Another ardent collector was Robert Day, a silversmith at Cork, with whom Evans corresponded regularly about discoveries in the South of Ireland, and who remarked on the stupidity of the people of Cloyne "who always mistake bronze for gold and when they do happen on the purer metal think it to be brass. In both cases the object is safe to be either mutilated or destroyed altogether." In these accounts of searchings and findings in Ireland are references to a "Dreward's Colar of Gold," dug up in the Parish of Glenrevel, near Ballymena, and of a "gold Fibula with cup-shaped ends" which was dug up by a countryman who broke it in halves and fashioned it into a hook-stand upon which to hang his clothes. There are stories, too, about stone and flint relics being offered for the all-round amount of sixpence each, "the supply of which has been and generally is in excess of the demand." The collectors became wary of forgeries, although Day refused to believe that "anyone in Cork would do such a thing." Throughout Britain and on the Continent Evans had other collaborators from whom he gathered specimens to supplement his already considerable collection.

"Flint" Evans's scientific work soon received public recognition. He was honoured by most of the learned Societies, and Oxford made him a D.C.L. His second Doctorate was LL.D. of Dublin, bestowed when he presided over the Geological Section of the British Association, in 1878.

Arthur John Evans, "Son of Evans the Great" and "The Discoverer of Minoan Crete," chose no saloon passage on his journey through life. Afoot and often without passport he travelled dangerously through a Europe in ferment of revolution and threatenings of war. At Oxford he had been marked as a rising historian, so he went to put in a term of study at Göttingen; but one with so wide a diversity of outside interests was not destined to sit in "hot and unventilated lecture-rooms."

The Herz and ancient Roman cemeteries had more interest for him. In Austria his serious adventures began when he was arrested as a Russian spy. From Scandinavia he brought home a great quantity of trophies; but anthropological researchings in the Far North were less attractive than Illyrian archæology, and thereafter he answered the call of the East. Strongly Liberal in politics, he interested himself actively in the internal affairs of the minority States in Europe, becoming a recognised authority on the Balkans. Amid the turmoils of insurrection he had always an eye for nature and for relics of past existence and vanished culture. The exploration of a mediæval castle or the finding of a nice flat Celt was enough to reward him for many pains and horrors.

After Arthur Evans had been expelled from Ragusa, Time and Chance guided him to make the archæological conquest of Crete. Consequent sections of this absorbing book are devoted to Oxford and Arthur Evans's associations

with the Ashmolean and University Galleries. There is nothing scientifically "dry as dust" in "Time and Chance." Miss Joan Evans has been happy in her choice of material from a vast accumulation of papers and diaries which were a fruitful fount of information about these distinguished forebears of hers. She has given us a work of real merit.

J. R. H.

A BATSFORD CENTENARY. Edited by Hector Bolitho. T. B. Batsford, Ltd.
10s. 6d.

This brightly illustrated Record of a Hundred Years of Publishing and Bookselling will be specially interesting to bibliophiles, and it contains sufficient social history and personal anecdote to make it commendable to the general reader. Batsford's business began, a hundred years ago, when Bradley Thomas Batsford ventured to open a bookshop in High Holborn, London, and during the succeeding years it has remained under the personal control of the family, who have followed the founder's practice of accepting customers and authors and artists alike as their friends. As among all groups of friends there have been, of course, differences of opinions and, occasionally, disputes; and in recounting some of them, Hector Bolitho and members of the Firm who have collaborated with him have given us some entertaining insights to the work of book-production.

Extracts from early sales accounts give a very fair idea of what was read by the Victorians, who, it seems, paid good prices for their second-hand books. Bradley Batsford was a shrewd, long-sighted man of business, who, noticing an increasing demand for books on technical subjects, sank his savings in works on architecture and engineering and art and science. In the middle 'sixties he gave up the sale of general books, and became a specialist. The first book carry-Batsford's imprint is *English Mediæval Foliage and Coloured Decoration* (Colling, 1874). *Quantities* (Bannister Fletcher) is still issued, after sixty years. Of the authors and artists and craftsmen who make Batsford's Books there are anecdotes and biographical sketches which are as entertaining as they are informative. Incidentally, the firm believe that perhaps the purest piece of English literature ever issued by them is William Henry Wood's *French Renaissance Architecture*.

GREENLAND. By Vilhjalmur Stefansson. London: Harrap, 1943. Price 12s. 6d.

Greenland, we are told, was so named by the Norseman, Erik the Red, in 984, but others have called it the Land of Comfort, the Land of Desolation, and a vital link in the strategic control of the North Atlantic. All these connotations figure in Mr. Stefansson's book, the latest addition to an imposing list of works, most of which are out of print. There are green pastures for sheep and comfortable hospitals built by a paternally-minded Danish Government, but the greater part of the country is covered by a desolate ice sheet. Only within recent years have explorers managed to remain upon the ice sheet through the long dark winter to report weather conditions which reveal the imminent possibilities of rain or sunshine in western Europe.

Mr. Stefansson tells the intriguing story, not unminged with surmise, of the long series of voyages which led to a Greenland habitable only along the coasts, with a population depending largely on seals. It may be that some centuries

B.C. the Irish, or the Scots, or both, reached Greenland in currachs similar to those in use to-day in the west. St. Brendan, rehabilitated in the eyes of some recent workers (p. 40), may have arrived in Greenland, or at least seen ice floating from it towards Iceland. One legend is that he arrived at the gates of Hell (since identified as the volcanoes of Iceland) and, bravely travelling on 'strong in faith unfeigned and in the armour of the Spirit' subsequently met and talked with Judas Iscariot, who was allowed to spend certain Sundays on a cooling rock washed by the sea. There is evidence that the Irish, intrepid travellers, reached Greenland but they left before the Norsemen came in the tenth century. The Norsemen, colonising from Iceland between 985 and 1124, left sagas describing the life and customs of the times.

The twilight of the Norse settlement of Greenland coincided with the 'dawn of modern exploration. Frobisher sailed in 1576 and the two subsequent years in search of gold but unfortunately returned with iron pyrites which was thrown overboard in an English harbour. The interest of English financiers waned as rapidly as it had waxed. From the eighteenth century the Danes and Norwegians sailed to Greenland, and began life comparable with that of their ancestors. The story closes with the present position but for many readers the development will prove more interesting than the happy ending.

Each reader will discover the fascination of this book for himself. Attractively produced, it is the result of several visits and long researches and is an ingenious blend of literary and scientific sources. There is an extensive bibliography, an adequate index, some good illustrations, and one artistic map in the end-papers. A welcome addition would have been a second map, perhaps of a rather more prosaic order, locating the physical features and settlements which are so excellently described.

T. W. FREEMAN.

TRAVEL IN ENGLAND. By Thomas Burke. T. B. Batsford, Ltd. 10s. 6d.

In the quality and quantity of superb illustration "Travel in England" is well up to the standards for which Batsford's books are distinguished. In colour and monochrome, drawings and half-tones, the pictures amplify the author's fascinating and chronological account of progression on wheels, from the Fourteenth Century English Carriage to 'bus-crowded London Bridge. But Thomas Burke's story begins with the first foot-tracks made when the Ancient Britons looked upon twenty miles as a long journey when they moved about to visit neighbouring settlements. Some of the better-known, identifiable tracks are illustrated here. Generally it is supposed that the Romans made the most important of all the earlier roads in Britain; but, as the author points out, what they did was to improve, or re-make the not inconsiderable ways which had been laid by the Britons themselves. [The *Fosse-way*, *Rikenild Street*, and *Werlam* (Watling) Street, were made by *Malmutius Dunwallo*, first king of the island, long before the Roman occupation]. The evolution through the centuries, from the pedestrians' path to the mule-packs' track, the wains' way, the coach road, to macadam and concrete, is a story which has entailed an unusual amount of diligent research-work. So, along the high-roads and bye-ways we go, along with pilgrims and pardoners, chapmen and merchants, and, as people begin to "get about" more, frequently, with Swift, Dr. Johnson, and hosts of great men of history.

HORIZON STORIES. Chosen by Cyril Connolly. London: Faber and Faber, Ltd.
8s. 6d. net.

It is remarkable to what extent the Marquis de Sade has left his impress on this collection of stories originally published in *Horizon*. The very first, "Man about the House," by Fred Urquhart, strikes a pathological note that with a few notable exceptions persists throughout the book. The central figure is a demented young man whom his mother insists on regarding as normal. The charwoman, however, is not so sure. She sees him "just like a cat waiting to pounce . . . or was it like a cat that had already pounced and was licking its lips after eating its prey?" The last story by Kafka is Sade in full swing. The cat, this time a governor in a penal colony, has pounced for years on unfortunate delinquents under his control. He has a fiendish contraption for torture which he explains with fanatical licking of his chops. Inevitably but horribly he is himself beheaded by his own inhumane killer. "The Long Sheet," by William Samson, is once again a sadistic interpretation of life in which extraneous forces undo the little or the much done whilst the task itself is the futile one of wringing a sheet rope dry. We are left to glean what comfort we can from the conclusion that this freedom can never be that of the body but only of the spirit. Rhys Davies vents all his bitterness in "Wages of Love" on a Welsh village. The "divine" Marquis would have approved of the methods employed by the sanctionious kin of the prodigal moribund sister to hasten her death that they might feast on the fattened calf of her fortune.

These stories are well told, as are also "In the Square," by Elizabeth Bowen where the effect is obtained by atmosphere; "The Petrified Man," in which Eudora Welty makes art out of American vulgarity; "Room Wanted" which two readings did not serve to explain as a story but which, nevertheless, gripped by its very obscurity. G. F. Green, the writer, knows better than many of our cerebral poets how to hold the imagination of his readers with a parsimony of spilled beans.

Edward Sheehy in "Prothalamion" proves that even after Proust psychological observation is not only possible but may be original. In this story a country solicitor in the confessional on the eve of his marriage is the author's target. There is an assurance in his treatment of mental processes that suggests that he would fare even better in the larger compass of the novel. Indeed this episode could quite conceivably be an extract from work in progress. The book can certainly be recommended as a whole.

A. J. L.

ALONE WE EMBARK. By Maura Laverty. Longmans, Green & Co. 7s. 6d. net.

The speed of this book is so furious, we are carried along at such a terrific rate that we feel as though our journey could only end—as it does, literally, in a crash. And that same crash—a motor accident, is incidentally one of the weakest things in an otherwise strong piece of work. It is far too easy a way out, too sudden a solvent of many difficulties, eliminating as it does in one fell swoop two of the "bad ones" whose evil activities have interfered most seriously with the interests of the very likeable if not loveable heroes and heroines of the story, and with the help of a defective nut and the stone wall

of a forge, putting them instantaneously in the way of living happily ever afterwards (as we hope they did). The theme of Mrs. Laverty's story is a very old one, and in the hands of a less capable writer would prove tiresome. We have a heroine to whom, as it seemed, life held out the fair prospect of happiness with an almost ideal lover, rushed suddenly into a disastrous union by a sudden passion for a strolling player; the subsequent forced marriage to an ancient and very evil "gombeen man," the equally enforced exile of the original (and ideal) lover. After that, of course, the return of the exile—and its usual consequences, and then—God only knows, if it had not been for that magnificent and (may we call it?) providential motor-crash. But for all its breath-taking speed and, in more than one place, its imperfectly wrought characterisation and psychology, the book is a good piece of work, and in many ways an advance on that remarkable first novel, "Never No More." In reviewing that first book by Mrs. Laverty we drew attention to the fact that its author seemed to write her best when she was dealing with culinary matters, herb-cures, household dishes, all the "country messes" which are the long-traditioned heritage of country folk in Ireland as in other countries. It is not surprising, therefore, to find that in her new novel Mrs. Laverty has again found in the kitchen her material for what is, in our opinion, the best chapter in the volume. The subject of this outstanding chapter is simply the preparation of a "golden web" and, lest the reader of to-day may be unfamiliar with this dainty, but forgotten, delicacy, it is only fair to describe it. We do so in the very words of Julia, that fascinating old lady under whose hands the confection rose in all its golden perfection: "It's a kind of lacy web made out of spun sugar," she explained. "You put it over a flummery when you want it to look extra fancy. My mother always made it for Christmas and for my birthday." But it is only fair to say that in the preparation of this particular "golden web" there was something more than merely the cooking. That shy and rather "difficult" little child Teedy, whose miserable childhood in Dublin had forced her to hide behind a defence of unchildish aloofness, had for once responded to the vision which opened up before her at the mention of the "golden web," and old Julia, for whom the child was almost everything in her world, saw in this her opportunity of winning her way to that lonely little heart. The "golden web" was a magnificent success—in every way. "The child stood before the blue dish as before an altar. Her face was pale and her dark eyes were enormous. "Well, Teedy? Do you like it, love?" The sensitive mouth worked, but Teedy did not speak. She made a little whimpering sound and rushed into Julia's ready arms.

FRIDAY'S WELL. By Temple Lane. Talbot Press. 7s. 6d.

This light novel revolves around three women and an unusual type of adventurer. It is brisk with humorous incidents and lively in its action. The characters are convincing. An attractive stranger presents himself to the Prendergast family as an American airman forced down off the coast of Éire, and instead of being reported to the Gardai he is sheltered for a night and afterwards introduced to the home of the elderly and aristocratic Angela Rawley. The hospitality, instigated, of course, by Anna and Nuala Prendergast, is quite

illegal ; but, as the retired bank-manager remarks, there ought to be some sort of an organisation for the mutual protection of respectable law-breakers. The events evolving from the pantry-meeting of Anna and the fast-working Bryan Connell are as unforeseen and far-reaching as they are amusing. As backgrounds there are faithful and pleasing pen-pictures of the countryside and the lives of a small farmer and his daughters in Eire to-day. This is the work of Miss Temple Lane in her lighter mood of romance and kindly humour.

MURDER AND MUSIC. By Gerald Lee. Talbot Press. 7s. 6d.

There should be a ready market for Irish detectional fiction, and it is a remarkable commentary that this branch of light literature has been neglected, if not ignored, by our writers, too many of whom have been overdoing folklore and pastoral themes. Ever since Conan Doyle popularised it, Scotland Yard has stood as the focus of innumerable crime stories ; while here we have, as Gerald Lee remarks, our own " Yard "—the Lower Castle Yard, the *Sureté* of Eire.

Set in Dublin City and County, " Murder and Music " is a well constructed and logically developed tale of a mysterious killing which is solved by Detective Inspector Terence Crowley, a plodding and painstaking sleuth known among his colleagues as " The Crow," who after further acquaintance is likely to rise to prominence in the ranks of popular fictional detectives. It would be unfair to reveal the trend of this story wherein the author plays fairly with the reader according to the accepted traditions of mystery writing. Humorous dialogue and a mild love interest make the light relief.

FOOD AND FARMING IN POST-WAR EUROPE. By P. Lamartine Yates and D. Warriner (Oxford University Press, 3/6).

This is a book in " The World of To-Day " series dealing with outstanding topics in the present world conflict, and the subject is well chosen; understanding of European agriculture will be needed after the war. To bring the matter vividly and rapidly before the reader the authors take off on an imaginary aerial flight and describe the scene as the lands of Europe spread out below, and looking down they analyse the lot of the people who work these lands. A very informative sketch of rural Europe is drawn, and the authors paint on to it most of the outstanding features of European Agriculture. The people of these lands have many difficulties, and perhaps the most outstanding of all those that the book deals with is over-population in Eastern Europe, which is too densely populated for agriculture to afford a decent livelihood. To deal with this and generally to secure a fair reward and improved standard of life for those engaged in Agriculture many suggestions are made. It is not possible to deal with these satisfactorily in such a short work but the book gives a basic knowledge of the subject and the problems it involves.

W. W.

THE ART OF DISCIPLINE AND LEADERSHIP. Abul Hasanat. The Standard Library. A. Racca, Bengal, India. 4/-.

The author of this little volume is a Superintendent in the Indian Police and while he presumably intends it primarily as a guide for police, it is a book that can very usefully be studied by those of the public, whether for use in the home, in business, or in any public department or institution. When so much attention is at the moment being directed to the necessity of disciplining the young, this book comes opportunely at the disposal of all who may need such information.

W. J. B.

THE FUTURE OF INDIA—Part III of the Report on the Constitutional Problem in India. R. Coupland. Oxford University Press. Sir Humphrey Milford. 6/6 net.

This is the final report on this problem, submitted to the Warden and Fellows of Nuffield College, Oxford, by this author, who is Beit professor of Colonial History in Oxford University. It comprises summaries of the two previous reports, as well as the 188 pages of the present one dealing with the situation from 1936—1943. The final chapter deals with the subject of "India and the Commonwealth," and "Conclusion," a perusal of which clearly indicates that the problem of that country is an extremely difficult one that will test the wisdom as well as the goodwill of statesmen in India and Britain. No solution of it need be looked for in the present report; all that is done is the re-statement of the dominant factors of the problem, as they are seen by the author in the light of the Inquiry undertaken, and as he says—"It will have served its purpose if it helps in any degree to make the nature of the problem better understood by students of politics, and to stimulate further discussion of it in the practical world."

This book contains useful maps on the Railways, Rivers, etc. of India, as well as an Economic one of the more important Industries and products of that vast country.

W. J. B.

The Editor regrets that pressure on space has compelled him to hold over reviews of several volumes recently received, including

Irish Historical Documents, 1172-1922. Ed. Edmund Curtis and R. B. McDowell (Methuen, 18/-).

Lucky Poet, by Hugh MacDiarmid (Methuen, 21/-).

Yesterday Morning, by Lynn Doyle (Duckworth, 8/6).

Barnardo of Stepney, by A. E. Williams (Allen & Unwin, 12/6).

But the Earth Abideth, by William Soutar (Andrew Dakers, 5/-).

Fact and Fiction in Modern Science, by H. F. Gill (Gill & Son, 8/6).

The Searchlights, by Wilfred Gibson (Oxford University Press, 5/-).

Speech to the Dock, by J. Patrick Byrne (Clontarf Press).

Aaron's Field. The Great Radio Play, by D. G. Bridson (Pendock Press).

An Irish Flora, by D. A. Webb (Dundalgan Press, 8/6 n.).

The Fountain of Hellas, by John Irvine (MacCord, Belfast, 3/6 n.).

Over the Water & Other Poems, by Patrick MacDonogh (Orwell Press, 2/6 n.).

Swords and Ploughshares (Poems), by Roy McFadden (Routledge, 2/6 n.).